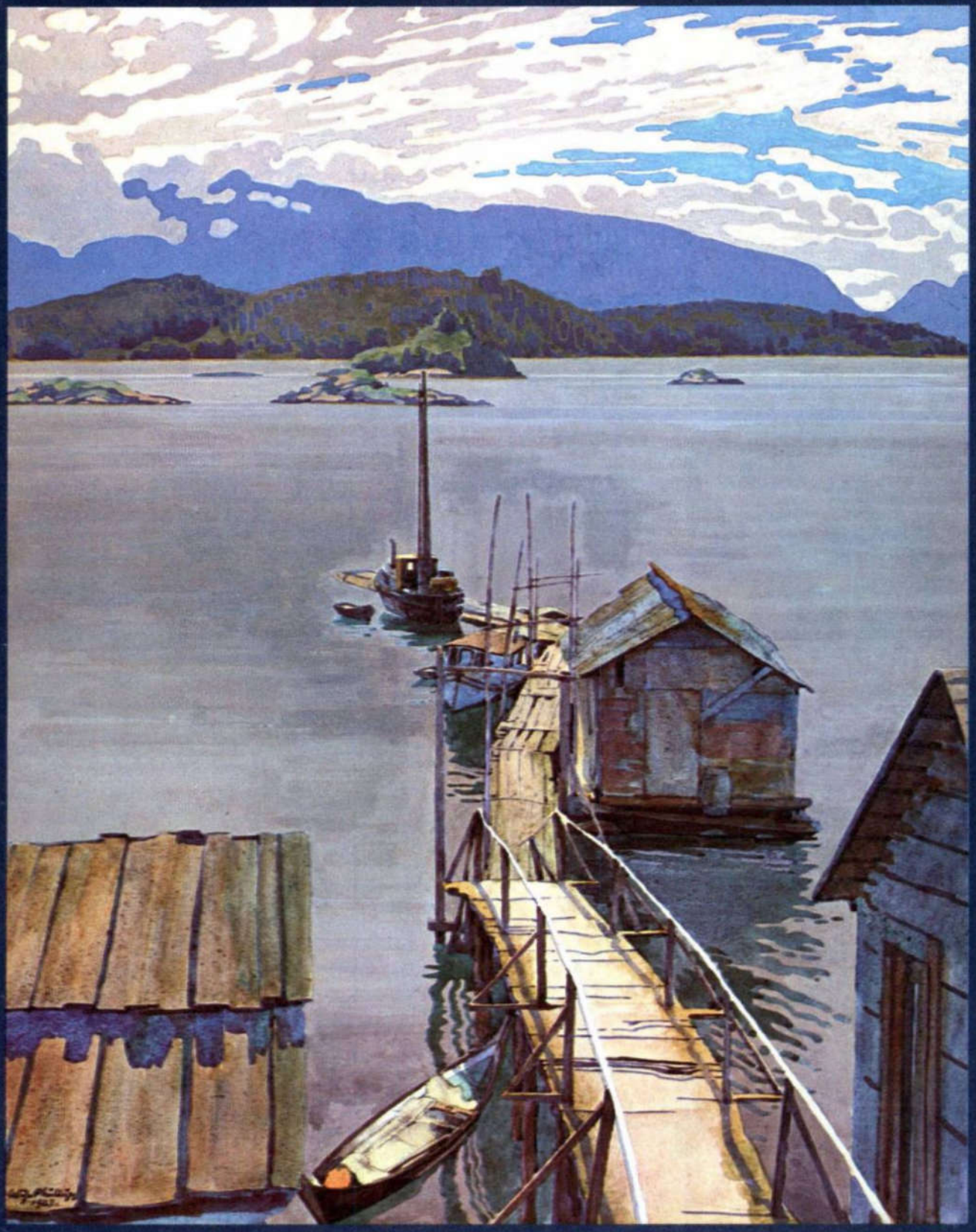
The Beaver

WINTER 1969



from sea to sea...

across the span

of nearly three centuries

OURS IS A TRADITION OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus

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YORK BOAT ON LAKE WINNIPEG *1930. Colour woodcut* W. J. PHILLIPS

Pictorial art, as we understand it, is essentially a product of civilization, associated with leisure and cultured ease, with elegant houses, churches, and public institutions. It has been fostered by church and state, prince and potentate, and latterly by every man with walls to decorate. But one hardly expects to find numbered among the friends of art a great trading company whose territory lies beyond the frontiers of civilization. It is a fact, however, that the Hudson's Bay Company has been consistent in its sympathetic regard for art and artists. It may be that a tradition was founded by Prince Rupert, the spiritual father of the Company, who was not only a patron of art but an artist in his own right.
—so wrote W. J. Phillips in an article in "The Beaver" in March 1937.

W. J. PHILLIPS

ARTIST AND TEACHER

By Carlyle Allison

WALTER PHILLIPS drew Western Canada in water-colours for all the world to see, just as Ralph Connor had done it in word pictures two generations earlier. Phillips achieved international recognition by superb craftsmanship in the original colour woodcut.

But painting was not the only art form that had its appeal. He played the piano for his own amusement, and he was an architect with words. He was a writer with better style and more distinction than many who earned their living with a typewriter. Much may be discerned about Walter Phillips through his scores of paintings over a lifetime, and more can be told by a reading of his weekly "Art and Artists" column that appeared in the Winnipeg *Tribune* from 1926 to 1942. Walter Phillips' articles were so well written that they needed virtually no editing before being sent to the composing room. I know because he and I became connected with the *Tribune* in the same year, 1926.

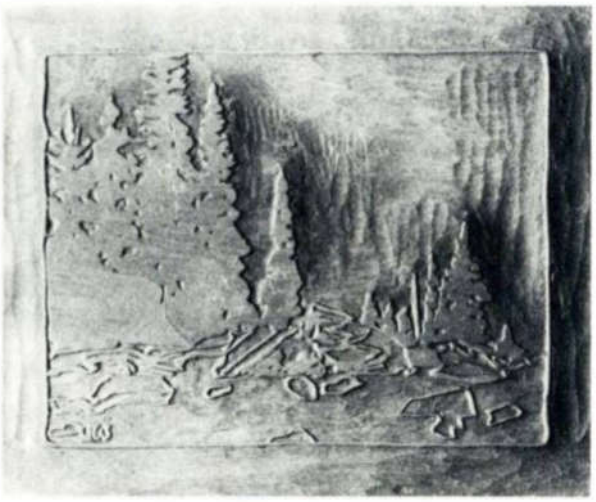
It seemed that everything he did came out at the top of the class. His chief relaxation was found in the playing of contract bridge, and he and his wife Gladys were the East-West winners in the Canadian championship contest staged by Ely Culbertson in 1939. It was not surprising that they were expert players; they spent nearly every weekend at the bridge table, through the winter, from Friday until Monday—hardly taking time out to eat and sleep. Whoever was dummy among family or friends put something on to cook, and another silent partner served the food. Walter could never understand why his first prize was only a red satin cushion, but Gladys received a fur neckpiece and they both got silver cups to boast of their prowess.

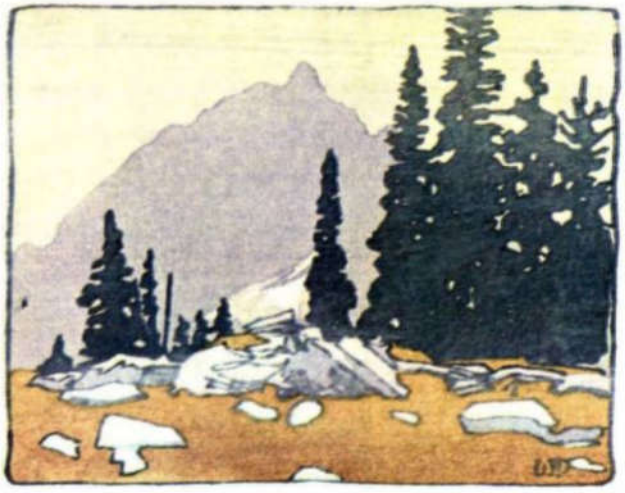
Walter Joseph Phillips, who signed his paintings WJP but answered to Walt from his wife and close friends, must have been almost alone among Canadians in managing to support himself and family through the Great Depression by painting, without holding down a regular bread and butter job.

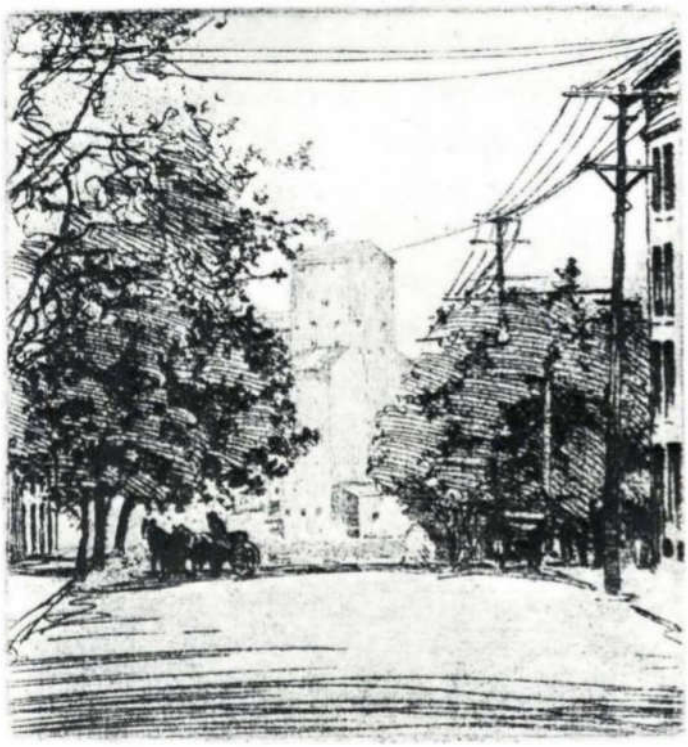
Many times the going was rough and I can remember occasions when Mr Phillips came over to my father's house to sell him a portfolio of woodcuts and colour

Carlyle Allison's friendship with the Phillips family began many years ago at the start of his career in journalism. Now a television personality in Winnipeg, Mr Allison was formerly, in turn, editor-in-chief of the Winnipeg "Tribune" for twelve years, and vice-chairman of the Board of Broadcast Governors. Illustrations in this article from the collection of John P. Crabb, whose assistance is gratefully acknowledged.

In making a colour woodcut, Phillips preferred cherry wood for the blocks. The key block, seen below with the print from it, defined the design, and up to eight blocks were cut to add the different colours on the dampened paper, preferably Japanese. The final print of "Alpine Meadow" is shown at the bottom.







THE ELEVATOR
1915. Etching

woodcuts so that he would have money to buy groceries or to purchase Christmas presents for the six children.

In fact, many bills of the Phillips' household were met and marked "paid" in exchange for original watercolours. The late Leonard Heaton, a fine pianist and teacher, received eight to ten watercolours for teaching John Phillips, the oldest child, to play. Miss Myrtle Ruttan fared similarly for teaching the Phillips girls to play. There were four girls, Margaret now in Toronto, Mary now in Victoria, Lois in Calgary, and Josephine in Vancouver. A second son, Ivan, was killed in Holland in World War II. All of the children were born in Canada except John, a Salisbury product. Dr Fred Young and Dr Harry Garvin were given paintings in return for medical and dental services to the Phillips family. And sometimes John, now a commercial artist in Winnipeg, raffled off folders of prints for one dollar a ticket, selling thirty-five dollars worth before someone won the lot in a draw. In the fall of 1969 an antique dealer in Winnipeg was asking $125 for one Phillips woodcut in colour.

Perfection in art, in writing, and at contract bridge were some of the accomplishments of Walter Phillips. His perseverance with his painting and colour woodcuts, to the summit of international recognition, was indicative of the strong character of the man—and this at a time when twenty per cent of the population was unemployed and living on relief. But a lot about the later artist may be explained by his early life, so let us go back.

He was born at Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire, on 25 October 1884, the son of Rev. John Phillips, an itinerant Methodist minister, and his wife Sophia Blackett who was the daughter of a wool factor in Leeds. Rev. John Phillips came from Welshpool in Montgomeryshire, Wales, where his father and grandfather had been farmers. Walter's upbringing seems to have been a mixture of the heavy Victorian father and the understanding mother. His father would not support a higher education unless it was to end in the Methodist ministry, but many years later Walter described his mother as having "taste and a love of art inspired by the paintings hanging in her father's house". We may gather from this that the choice of a future in art had his mother's blessing.

When he finished Bourne College, where his education was to end as far as his father was concerned, Walter became an usher at Yarmouth College and taught Latin and arithmetic for a year for a salary of £20. The same amount was the value of a general efficiency prize he won at Bourne College, and for two consecutive years there he won first prize in drawing at the examinations of the College of Preceptors. He received a mark of 200 out of 200 for drawing and the notation "very good".

It is interesting that the £20 prize, which he saved, later paid his steamship fare to South Africa where an uncle was a schoolmaster. Walter went there with the hope of making enough money to pay for a year studying art in Paris, but after five years in South Africa he came home with very little more than he started out with, and despite all kinds of jobs. He had worked as a teacher, newspaper reporter, surveyor's assistant, peripatetic trader, lawyer's clerk, and diamond digger.

On his return to England he began work in Manchester as a commercial artist, but resigned a year later to go to London to try to earn his living as a free-lance artist. That did not work and after a year he got an appointment as art master at Bishop Woodsworth School, Salisbury. This was important in two ways; it established him in art as a career, and it took him to the district where he found Gladys Pitcher.

Gladys lived at Wylye, a village about twelve miles from Salisbury and a place where Phillips liked to paint. They were married on 26 December 1910. The few years spent in the old cathedral city were important in other respects, too; it was there that he met Ernest Carlos, an artist of his own age, who had studied at the Royal Academy School, and who passed on to his friend much of the art education which the minister's son could not afford directly.

Phillips painted numerous watercolours during his years as a Salisbury teacher, travelling on holidays to such places as Wiltshire, Cornwall, Yorkshire and the Scilly Isles, much of the time in company with Carlos. He held his first one-man show in November 1911, in Salisbury and sold a large number of the paintings on exhibition. It was a painting done at Newlyn, Cornwall, in 1912 that was Phillips' first exhibit at the Royal Academy.

It was in the early summer of 1913 that Walter and Gladys Phillips decided to emigrate to a newer world, and chose Canada. For no particular reason they picked

OLD CHELSEA, Quebec, near Ottawa. *1954. Watercolour*

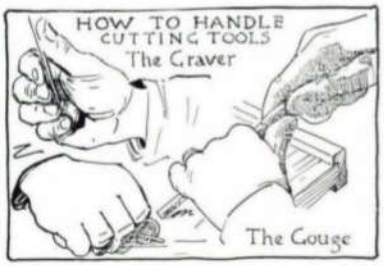
Winnipeg, in the centre of Canada, and they arrived there in June, one of the better months in which to see it first, and remained residents for nearly thirty years. Over those three decades Walter Phillips painted the Western scene in all seasons from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific Coast.

Back in 1913 in Winnipeg it would not have been possible to live by the brush alone, and fortunately Walter Phillips was appointed art teacher at St John's Technical High School, spanking new then, by Winnipeg's superintendent of schools, Dr Daniel McIntyre. The teaching job provided the bread and butter, and week-end excursions to points near Winnipeg resulted in watercolours which produced some cake for the growing family.

Walter Phillips thought of his life in Winnipeg as "wonderful," and it was there through the forming of a friendship with Cyril Barraud that he learned about etching. When Barraud went to France during the First

W. J. Phillips, who insisted on tidiness when working, pulls prints of a colour woodcut. The diagram, taken from his book on the technique of the colour woodcut, shows how to handle some cutting tools.

NICHOLAS MORANT



Village Island, where Phillips sketched the Kwakiutl village for his later woodcut, lies at the entrance to Knight Inlet. Of it he wrote: "We moved to Karlukwees, the most beautiful of the three villages, whose clean white beach borrowed its shape from the new moon. Houses faced the sea in a single row and showed few signs of ruin and decay . . . these villages cannot be disassociated from their settings—the mountains and the sea which surround them, and the clouds which alternately reveal and obliterate them, wholly or in part." This woodcut received a gold medal from the Society of Arts in Boston.

KARLUKWEES, B.C. *1929. Colour woodcut*

World War, Phillips bought his etcher's tools and press. In the ensuing years he etched a score or more of plates, some of which are in the National Gallery of Canada, but he never felt completely happy in this medium alone because of his love of colour. As a result he branched into colour woodcuts and by 1923 he had published 42 colour woodcuts, most of them in editions of 50 but a few in lots of 100. Their subjects were in the Lake of the Woods country, in Winnipeg or north of Winnipeg.

In 1924 Walter Phillips resigned from his teaching post in Winnipeg and took his growing family to Muskoka in Ontario for a visit of three months. From there they went on to England for ten months, and this proved a time to meet and trade ideas with many of the best colour print makers, notably William Giles, Sydney Lee, Allen W. Seaby, Y. Urushibara, and Martin Hardie. Urushibara demonstrated for Phillips the Japanese method of sizing paper. It was a time of new friendships and broadening experience, but in June 1925, the Phillips headed back to Winnipeg "for the children's sake," but stopped off in Muskoka until September. Water colours that Walter Phillips painted there were sent to Herbert Furst's Galleries, The Adelphi, London.

The children of the Phillips family remember father as a man who loved Nature, who never tired of pointing out its beauty and its wonders, who named for them the trees, the flowers and the birds, and who worked trees and flowers into his paintings with naturalness. The children were exposed to their father's painting from an early age and often posed for him. Their rate of pay remained the same for all of them, ten cents a day, and even a family friend Hector Craig, son of Hon. R. W. Craig, Manitoba's attorney-general, was paid the same going wage, when he rowed the boat to a scenic spot.

The next few years in Winnipeg were among Walter Phillips' most productive in colour woodcuts. He produced eleven in 1926, fifteen in 1927, and thirteen in 1928. Trips through the Rockies to the West Coast began to have an abiding appeal, many mountain scenes were captured in watercolours, and in 1940 Walter J. Phillips joined the teaching staff of the Banff Summer School of Fine Arts. I saw him there teaching a class out of doors at the edge of a lake and he looked supremely happy. Why shouldn't he have looked that way? He liked young people, he loved painting and he was an outdoorsman through and through.

The Phillips moved to Calgary, then to Banff, and finally, when failing vision struck Walter to Victoria, B.C., where Gladys still lives. Before moving to Banff to live Walter Phillips was for a time an instructor at the Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary.

Blindness overtook the artist slowly and he underwent two operations in an effort to keep his sight. Then, when night fell, Walter was bitter and exceedingly unhappy for without his eyes he was helpless in observation and depiction of Nature. Death came to him on 5 July 1963, the 21st birthday of a grandson, David.

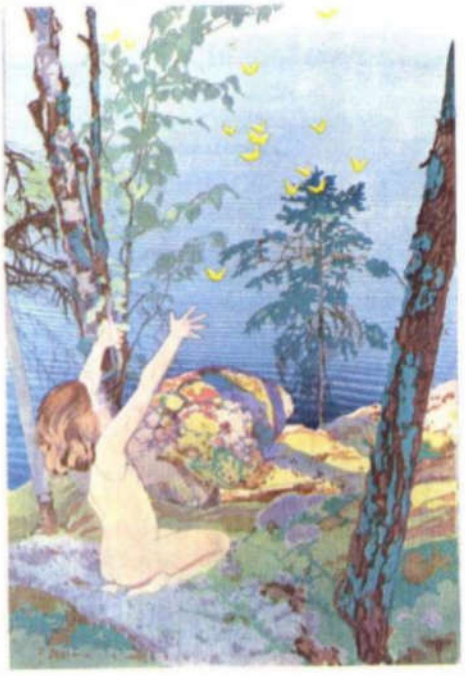
Walter was six feet in height, weighed about 220 pounds at his peak, and, as C. B. Pyper of the Toronto *Telegram* put it, had "a handshake like a navvy". I remember him as a friendly man with a deep voice that had a smile or a laugh in it much of the time. When he worked he worked hard, "from daybreak to dusk," his son John says, and when he played he played hard, as in the weekend-long bridge sessions. He savoured life fully and accomplished a great deal, leaving behind him hundreds of watercolours and colour wood cuts, black and white engravings, hundreds of newspaper articles which still have interest today, and several illustrated books. With Robert Watson, editor of *The Beaver* 1922-33, he produced *Dreams of Fort Garry*, a poetic narrative written by Watson and illustrated by Phillips; *The Technique of the Colour Woodcut* which Phillips wrote, published in 1926, became the authoritative work on the subject; *Colour in the Canadian Rockies*, with his watercolours and woodcuts, and text by Frederick Niven, has been reprinted more than once; and there were folios of woodcuts.

SAINT ANDREW'S *1931. Woodcut*

The old church on the Red River was one of the illustrations for "Dreams of Fort Garry".

SUMMER IDYLL *1926. Watercolour*

This sketch of his daughter Margaret was used by Phillips as the basis of a large colour woodcut (reproduced below). The grain of the wood, and for this purpose Phillips liked fir, is used for the effect of rippling water.



WATERFALL, JOHNSON'S CANYON *1946. Watercolour*
Banff National Park

TULIPS *c. 1928. Watercolour*
Donated to the Phillips Collection by Mrs G. H. Aikins.

Many deserved honours came to this fine artist. In 1924 he won the Storrow Prize for the best colour woodcut at the California Printmakers International Exhibition in Los Angeles; in 1926 the bronze medal for the best woodcut in colour at the Graphic Arts show, Toronto; in 1933 and 1936 honourable mention at Woodcut International shows in Warsaw, Poland; in 1931, a gold medal awarded for merit by the Society of Arts, Boston. Walter Phillips was elected by acclamation to the Royal Canadian Academy in 1933. He was a president of the Manitoba Society of Artists, a vice-president of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour.

A number of Canada's important institutions recognized Phillips' worth as a painter and gave him commissions. The Canadian Pacific Railway had him paint a mural in its dome car "Strathcona," reproduced other paintings on silk screens, and for John Murray Gibbon, who headed the C.P.R.'s public relations branch, he did a number of pastels to illustrate his book, *The Canadian Mosaic*. Part of the reward was a pass on the C.P.R.

In South Africa in 1909 Phillips drew some cartoons.

A Dutchman on Stoffel le Roux
Had whiskers and bristles that grew
So verdantly that
When he put on his hat
They were certain to permeate through

For the Hudson's Bay Company he painted watercolours for calendars which many people will remember, and articles by him were published in *The Beaver* (March and September 1937, September 1940). James Muir, president of The Royal Bank, purchased a large number of watercolours, and another important patron was Senator N. M. Paterson of the Lakehead. The Canadian National Railways, in the Bessborough Hotel in Saskatoon, had Phillips colour woodcuts in many rooms.

Important to world-wide reputation was the purchase of watercolours by Jules Leger, then Under-secretary of State for External Affairs, for Canadian embassies all over the globe. And boys and girls who went to school in Canada's Western provinces, and studied *High Roads to Reading*, Books 4, 5 and 6, should have recognized nearly half the pen and ink drawings as being the work of WJP.

Studio magazine, of London, England, also did a great deal to extend Phillips' fame, for it carried reproductions of his work on many occasions, sometimes two or three examples, and other times as many as eight to ten.

It took a long time, however, for the artist to achieve university recognition in his own country. It was not until October 1960, when he was 76, that the University of Alberta honoured him by conferring a doctorate of laws, *honoris causa*.

His watercolours or oils are to be found in the National Gallery and other galleries across Canada, and his prints are prized in English and American national collections as well as in Poland, South Africa, Japan and elsewhere.

A glance through the titles of Walter Phillips' woodcuts, and their geographic locations reveals his range in Western Canada. In the decade 1914 to 1924 he painted mostly at or near the Lake of the Woods; the next decade his brush depicted the prairies, and from 1936 on it was the West Coast and the Rockies which held his eye.

There is an interesting statement by Phillips in his biography written by Duncan Campbell Scott in the Canadian Art Series. "When you asked the other day," Phillips wrote, "what I considered to be the best sketching ground in Canada, the question prompted some thought. I replied, 'Wherever I happen to be.' After all the locale does not matter. It is light I paint: the sun, and its corollary, colour. As we crossed the prairies yesterday I could not help thinking how very much I had enjoyed painting them when I lived in Winnipeg. The vast dome of the sky predominated—the earth a mere base for its support . . ."

A commentary by Fred H. Brigden, R.C.A., O.S.A., himself a great watercolourist, appears in the same book:

"While Walter J. Phillips, R.C.A., has long been recognized in International Art Centres as a leader in the field of colour block printing, it is not so generally known that he has through the years devoted a considerable part of his time to water colour painting, and that his work in this medium as in the block printing is outstanding, having unique qualities and placing him easily among the top ranking water colour men either in Canada or abroad.

SIMOOM NO. 2 *1933. Wood engraving*

A village on Gilford Island off the British Columbia coast in the Kwakiutl country that interested Phillips so much.

"Phillips' work in water colour is modern in that he carries forward the Cotman emphasis on design and form. At the same time, he has retained a respect for the technical traditions, and has succeeded to an unusual degree in mastering the difficulties which are met with at every stage in the making of a water colour. . .

"A Phillips water colour has therefore a wide appeal. First there is always a well-thought-out design, often unusual and at all times satisfying. Invariably it is based on nature, but with selection and control of figure or landscape features to achieve the desired end. Phillips never feels it necessary to distort (or resort to distortion). He finds in nature truthfully recorded all the beauty of form and line needed. These latter are things especially to look for and enjoy in his work: the drawing of trees in detail or in mass, the rhythmic lines of the countryside, the formation of mountain architecture, of the exciting movement of rushing water, all delineated with special emphasis on the decorative patterns . . .

". . . It will be of interest to workers in the medium to know that Phillips like all great masters in water colour uses a restricted palette employing the fewest possible colours to obtain his effects. The following is a list of favourite colours: French ultramarine, monastral blue, pthalocyanine green, yellow ochre, pale cadmium yellow, deep cadmium yellow, raw umber, burnt sienna, light cadmium red, alizarin rose madder, light red or Indian red."

The public was never given an opportunity to see a comprehensive exhibition of Phillips' work, which quickly became scattered. In recent years one of the artist's admirers, John P. Crabb of Winnipeg, set to work to assemble whatever memorabilia he could find, a search that took him across Canada and deep into the States. The resultant collection comprises letters, school documents, medals, and the writings of Phillips in addition to his etchings, wood engravings, colour woodcuts including some of the blocks and tools used, as well as sketches in pencil, ink, and watercolour, Christmas cards, and studio paintings. From this collection has been selected a retrospective exhibition to be shown by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1970 across Western Canada, the country that Walter Phillips knew so intimately and depicted so lovingly. ◆

THE WEST'S FIRST NOVEL

BY ROY ST. GEORGE STUBBS
Winnipeg lawyer, author, and critic

WHAT IS A NOVEL? The Concise Oxford Dictionary offers this definition: a "fictitious prose narrative of sufficient length to fill one or more volumes portraying characters and actions representative of real life in continuous plot." E. M. Forster has a simpler definition, but one that contains all the essential ingredients. According to his definition, a novel is "a fiction in prose of a certain extent"—and he suggests that the extent should not be less than 50,000 words.

Novels, like human beings, come in assorted shapes and sizes. There are good novels, and bad novels, and indifferent novels. But, putting aside all qualifying adjectives, in the last analysis, a novel is a novel.

On the definitions which I have cited, *Dot it Down, A Story of Life in the North-West* qualifies as the first novel to be written in Western Canada. The author of this book was Alexander Begg. It was published in Toronto, by Hunter, Rose and Company, in 1871. It contains 380 pages and sold for $1.50. Its story and its style are both refreshingly bad. Its interest for the present day reader lies in the picture which it gives of life in Red River when the Province of Manitoba was going through the pangs of birth.

Alexander Begg

A native of Quebec City, Alexander Begg came to Red River, in his twenty-eighth year, in 1867, as the agent of several Eastern firms which sought to capture some of the expanding Western trade. He became the first express and steamboat agent to set up in business in Red River; there, soon after his arrival, he threw in his lot with the old settlers and became an active opponent of the new Canadian party which turned instinctively to Dr John Christian Schultz for leadership. In 1868, he was taken into partnership by A. G. B. Bannatyne, "one of the most substantial of the English-speaking settlers". *Dot it Down* is dedicated to Bannatyne and his wife and the dedication suggested its author's purpose in writing the book. "It has caused me much trouble and indignation" wrote Begg "to see the kind-hearted people of Red River vilified by scribblers in the public press, and if I have done anything towards correcting the unjust impression received abroad concerning the settlers, I will have my reward."

From 1877 to 1884, Alexander Begg served as Sergeant-at-Arms in the Manitoba Legislature, and as Queen's Printer and Deputy Treasurer of Manitoba. He then spent four years in London, England, as Immigration Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He died in Victoria, in September 1897, aged 58 years. In addition to *Dot it Down*, he was the author of *The Creation of Manitoba* (1871) which was based, in part, on a daily journal which he kept during the Red River Resistance; *Ten Years in Winnipeg* (1879); and *History of the North-West* (1894-1895) a work in three volumes, of which Professor W. L. Morton, the man best qualified to speak, has said that it is "a history of great value and in parts still an authoritative work."

The hero and heroine of Begg's single venture into fiction are simply incredible. They represent the noble virtues raised to the highest degree. They are creatures much too bright or good for human nature's daily food.

The story is also incredible. Boy meets Girl on a journey through the United States to Red River. They fall in love. Boy has a past. He had been tried for a murder which was committed by a friend who extracts from him a promise that he will not reveal the truth. Villain gives Girl's father a highly coloured version of the affair. Girl's father asks Boy for an explanation. His noble lips are sealed. The father forbids him to see Girl. Boy takes work with Hudson's Bay Company and buries himself in the wilds. Girl languishes. Her health fails. Boy returns and marries Girl on her deathbed. A mysterious box turns up in Red River. It has a secret compartment which contains a confession clearing the Boy. After Girl's death, Boy is thrown from a horse, breaking a leg. He is nursed back to health by a noble woman, a flower of the prairies. They marry, visit England, and return to Red River, just as the Resistance led by Louis Riel is about to begin. After the "troubles" are over, they settle down on a farm and live happily ever afterwards.

Here are two brief extracts to illustrate the verbal horrors of Begg's old-fashioned melodrama in which, in Victorian idiom, white is as white as the driven snow, and black as black as coal dust, with no tinge of grey to be seen in the whole moral landscape.

"My dear girl," said her father, "you are my only daughter, and my pride—the comfort of my old age. Were any evil to befall you, Grace, it would send me sorrowing to my grave. I must, therefore, watch over and guard you from any evil, and I cannot be too careful. I like George Wade; indeed, so much did I esteem him, that

I looked forward with pleasure to the day when I could call him son. Think you, then, that this has not been a severe blow to me! . . . And now there is no course left open for me to take but to prevent his intimacy in our family from going any further. I could not bear a single blot upon your fair name."

Bad as this is, worse is to come.

The scene in which Begg describes the death of his heroine is reminiscent of the banality to which Dickens descended in his description of the death of Little Nell.

George Wade, the hero, is speaking: "Grace, my darling, I am free this day. I hold the proof now that I am innocent of having done the deeds that were imputed to me. They have caused a sad blank in our lives, but all is cleared up now. Oh! Grace, tell me that you will live for my sake."

"Alas!" whispered Grace; "it is not my will but the will of God be done. I never thought you guilty. Say no more about that unhappy affair."

"The exertions of speaking was [*sic*] too much for Grace. She closed her eyes, and for some moments she appeared unconscious of the presence of those around her. At last her eyes slowly opened; they seemed brighter than ever they had been during her illness. Holding out her hand to Mr. Meredith, she faintly said, 'My dear, dear father, call Jack and Tom, I wish so much to see them.'

"Mr. Meredith, utterly heart broken, silently left the room, for his two sons, and while he was away Grace stretched out her hand and smoothed the gray tresses of her weeping mother, who had lain herself on the bed beside her. 'My own darling mother,' she slowly said, 'do not mourn for me in this way; it will not be long ere we'll meet again'."

Begg's novel was not illustrated but contemporary publications favoured works like this.

Dr J. C. Schultz, shown here from a composite picture in Begg's "Creation of Manitoba", was caricatured in "Dot it Down" as Cool, the the villain.

Surely, more than enough has been given to suggest the style in which the West's first novel was written. In *Dot it Down*, Begg is not seen at his best. In his later books, he wrote an acceptable prose which seldom rose to great heights but which maintained a satisfactory pedestrian level. Professor Morton speaks of his "quick and vehement mind, which was not reflective and not meticulous in choice of language".

I suspect that *Dot it Down* suffered from the fact that it was dictated. Begg was no Henry James, but a practical businessman who had an itch to scribble. His novel was written while he was running a busy general store. Dr C. N. Bell, who was employed by Begg when the book was being hatched, once told A. S. Morrison, Q.C., that he had taken down much of the book from the author's dictation during his working day in the store. Under such circumstances, Begg could have had little time for reflection, or for the choice of meticulous language.

Dot it Down makes use of many episodes of local history, but Begg gives them his own lights and shadows. He may have had a foxy eye on the law of libel. The wonder is that he escaped a law suit. The villain of the piece is a man named Cool who was drawn straight from life. Begg took as his model Dr John Christian Schultz, fifth Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, whose more affluent and respectable days then lay ahead of him.

Here is a pen picture of Cool:

"[He] was tall and of a very commanding appearance, and he impressed confidence at first sight, while his manner was so suave and polite that he usually attracted people towards him. His features were good—of a dark complexion, and a plentitude of brown, curly hair. His eyes, however, betrayed two features in his character, which soon showed themselves on an intimate acquaintance with him. Of a shade between blue and gray, they had a most determined habit of turning another way when you looked into them, while the next moment you would be very apt to find them set fixedly upon you. The characteristics this habit betrayed were, insincerity and treachery, both of which were attributes of this remarkable man. Endowed with the faculty of making friends, he

used his power for his own personal ends, without the slightest solicitude whether by so doing he injured those who treated him with friendship—a boon that most men love to cultivate and deserve."

This is far from an attractive picture! In conversation with a friend, Begg lets this thorough-going rogue reveal the philosophy by whose light he steered his way through life.

"Character!" sneered Cool, "how I despise that word—character forsooth as it is known in the nineteenth century is a myth. What is the difference between a pickpocket and a man who will swindle you in a trade . . . I tell you what it is, character in reality is where a man tries in his own heart to deserve a good name. As we know it, however, it is bestowed upon the man who is smart enough to hide his shortcomings; and knowing this, I am careless about the estimation others may form of my character. I will make all the money I can, and in any way I can; and the only regard I mean to have for my character is, that I'll steal or swindle in trade in as respectable a manner as possible; and I have no doubt by sticking as close as I can to that rule, I will be accepted into society, having a character as good as the usual run of men now-a-days."

The character who might be called the anti-hero of the story, and who gives the story its name, was one of the scribblers in the public press who had been engaged in vilifying the people of Red River. In the novel he attends a theatrical performance and Begg introduces him in these words: he was "a stout dumpy little fellow, who appeared to think himself of more importance than the whole of those in the room together".

At the performance he makes the acquaintance of another unsavoury character named Twaddle and they hold an edifying conversation:

"Haw!" said the little man, "deuced rum little hole, this."

"Very," replied Twaddle.

"It's a wonder the place doesn't break down; see how they are crowded in the back part of the room."

"It may break down yet," said Twaddle. "In fact, I think it probably will."

"The devil?" exclaimed both strangers.

"Dot it down," whispered the taller of the two to the short dumpy one.

"Haw; yes, of course," and taking out a memorandum book, the necessary item was noted.

"A newspaper man, if I'm not mistaken," said the Editor of the Buster. "If so, I'm Twaddle."

"Haw, and who the deuce is Twaddle?"

"The Editor of the Buster," was the reply, "who will be happy to see you at his office in the morning."

"Dot it down," again said the tall stranger to his companion."

And so the conversation continued.

Begg comments: "One thing was very noticeable in this rude attempt at a public performance, namely, the general orderly conduct of the audience . . . 'Dot-it-Down', however, was an exception to the general rule, and by his loud remarks, and sometimes sneers, he made himself so disagreeable, that at last the door keeper was obliged to admonish him to keep a little more quiet, else . . ."

Dot did not allow him to finish, but rose to resent the impertinence, as he called it, when his companion pulled him down again with the simple advice to "dot it down."

"That I will," said the invincible Dot; "the people in Canada will know how strangers are used here."

So thin is the disguise employed by Begg that any resident of Red River, into whose hands there came a copy of his novel, would have recognized instantly in "Dot-it-Down" Charles Mair, the Canadian poet, and a founding member of the Canada First Party, who came to Red River in 1869 as paymaster of the construction gang which was building the Fort Garry Road. For some unpleasant words which he dotted down for Eastern newspapers about the women of Red River—he is alleged to have called them "crude, dirty, and homely"—Charles Mair was publicly whipped in the local post-office by Mrs A. G. B. Bannatyne. Begg waters this episode down. The whipping is converted into a slap in the face administered at a private party at which Dot-it-Down was an invited guest and at which he did not behave himself as a gentleman.

If Begg failed to write a good novel, he did succeed in giving a vivid picture of life in Red River.

He describes a journey by Red River cart. Travellers in those days, as he makes it clear, had to be on their guard when purchasing supplies for their journey. They had to be hardy souls, capable of fording streams in flood, and of battling with mosquitoes, which, in Begg's words, "when the sun went down, seemed to increase so much in numbers that a feeling of suffocation was felt by every one in the party, on account of their buzzing and biting in every direction".

He writes of the settlers first halting steps to till the prairie soil. Hope could turn to despair in a twinkling, when the weather proved inclement, or when the grasshoppers made a visitation to the crops. "Those pests of Red River," says Begg, in referring to the grasshoppers, "were so numerous—that in some places, especially alongside the houses and fences, they accumulated in one living mass to the depth of over a foot; and around the walls of Fort Garry they were so thick that men had to be employed with wheelbarrows to cart them away, as the stench which arose from them soon proved unbearable."

He gives an account of the buffalo hunt second only to the classic account of Alexander Ross in his *Red River Settlement*. What is sometimes forgotten today is that the buffalo hunt was not a gay lark undertaken for the pleasure of slaughtering a few beasts, but a serious business upon whose success depended the well-being of the majority of the settlers. A buffalo hunt demanded stern discipline and efficient organization and Begg explained the democratic nature of the organization.

Fort Garry in an 1876 engraving.

Over the years, many thousands of people must have stood before that historic relic of a different age, the Fort Garry Gate, in Winnipeg; and wondered what the old fort was like in its great days when fur was King. In *Dot it Down*, Alexander Begg has given us a brief description of the Upper Fort—the nerve centre of the Hudson's Bay Company during the hey-day of the fur trade—which was deliberately destroyed, by men whose vision did not see beyond their own brief day. In 1882 the Company sold the fort to a group of speculators. It fell, in that year, a wanton sacrifice to the new gods of order and efficiency so that Winnipeg's main street might run straight.

"Fort Garry is the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company in the North-West," wrote Begg, "the residence of the Governor, and consequently the principal business of that service is carried on there. It is built in the form of a square, the main entrance facing the Assineboine River. The walls enclosing one part of the Fort are built of stone, about two feet thick, with four towers, one at each corner, and evidently it has been at one time extended to twice its original size. The walls of the extension, however, is of hewn logs instead of stone.

"The buildings inside consist of the Governor's house, the dwelling occupied by the officer in charge (a chief trader), and five or six large warehouses and stores, one of which is partly used as quarters by officers of the company, with their families. In the centre of the Fort is a large flag pole, the towers are pierced for cannon and small arms, and altogether the place has, at first sight, quite a military appearance."

Begg was writing at a time when the Hudson's Bay Company, after two hundred years as a sovereign power, holding dominion over an area comprising some one million four hundred and eighty-six thousand square miles, was about to retire as an imperial factor. It was a low ebb in the affairs of the Company. Any stick, whether straight or crooked, to which its enemies could lay their hands was sufficient to beat the back of its declining regime. A shrewd observer, whose wits did not always go wandering down the ways of self-interest, Begg had a good word to say for the Honourable Company. He saw it as a custodian, a caretaker, of the permanent values of life as they developed in the Northwest.

"We may mention here," he said, "a fact which is worthy of notice, namely, that although much has been said against the Hudson Bay Company as a monopoly, exercising tyrannical power, yet it is an indisputable fact, that without the existence of that monopoly, as it has been called, the Red River farmers would not be today in the position they are.

"How few amongst the farmers in Canada, are to be found who have funds invested in bank stock outside of their regular means; yet let one start from Fort Garry and go down the banks of the Red River, or up the Assiniboine, and he will find that most of the settlers in those localities have money invested either in Canada or England. Had the Hudson Bay Company, however, not proved a large consumer of their products, they never could have found a market suffiiciently great to allow of their raising or selling the crop necessary to build up their circumstances to the state we have already described. It is folly, then to speak of the Hudson Bay Company as having been a drag upon the country; for in fact that wealthy and powerful corporation protected and kept the settlement in existence up to the present day. The worst that can be said is, that during the early days of the Company, their officers and servants tried in every way to stop free trading in furs, and sometimes the means used for that purpose were not the fairest on record."

I have attempted to give a brief account of the West's first novel. As I have suggested, it is well worth reading today, not as a work of fiction, but for the reflection which it gives of many aspects of life in Red River and, in that behalf, the vacant hours of any week-end might be well spent. The atmosphere of the place, and the life of the period, do breathe through its pages. ◆

FORT TIMISKAMING

A HISTORY

by Elaine Allan Mitchell

LIKE SO MANY of our oldest fur-trading posts, the history of Fort Timiskaming (or more properly, Témiscamingue) falls naturally into four parts. Established by Montreal traders during the latter part of the seventeenth century, it remained in French hands until 1760, after which it was exploited by a series of independent Canadian interests. In 1795 the North West Company agents, McTavish, Frobisher & Co., acquired the Fort and its dependencies, maintaining it almost wholly as a Canadian preserve until 1821, when it was finally handed over to the reorganized Hudson's Bay Company. After this it was known also as Timiskaming House.

The French claimed to have established a post on Lake Timiskaming in 1679, six years after Montreal traders are supposed to have built Fort St Germain on Nighthawk Lake, near Timmins, but the earliest documentary evidence we have is a licence to trade at Timiskaming and Abitibi, issued in 1683 by Governor de la Barre to Charles Joseph d'Ailleboust, Sieur d'Argenteuil, who was active about Allumette Island and Lake Nipissing. When de Troyes made his epic journey to the Bay in 1686 he found the Timiskaming post on an island at the mouth of the "Metabec Chouan" (now the Montreal) River. In turn he built a post on Lake Abitibi which received its supplies from Fort Timiskaming and seems always to have been dependent upon it.

Two years after de Troyes' visit Fort Timiskaming fell prey to the Iroquois and was not re-established until 1720, when the Abitibi post was apparently also rebuilt. A comparison of the names by which various observers referred to the Fort, suggests that it was now located where it was to remain for almost two centuries, at the narrows of the lake on the Quebec side. It was presumably the renewed opposition of these posts which forced the Hudson's Bay Company to rebuild Moose Fort (Moose Factory) in 1730, although curiously the Moose *Journals* never mention Fort Timiskaming before 1763 and refer only once to Abitibi. If the French had other posts in the area during these years, we have no knowledge of them, but they did maintain movable outposts from Timiskaming and Abitibi which allowed them to tap the whole country south of James Bay.

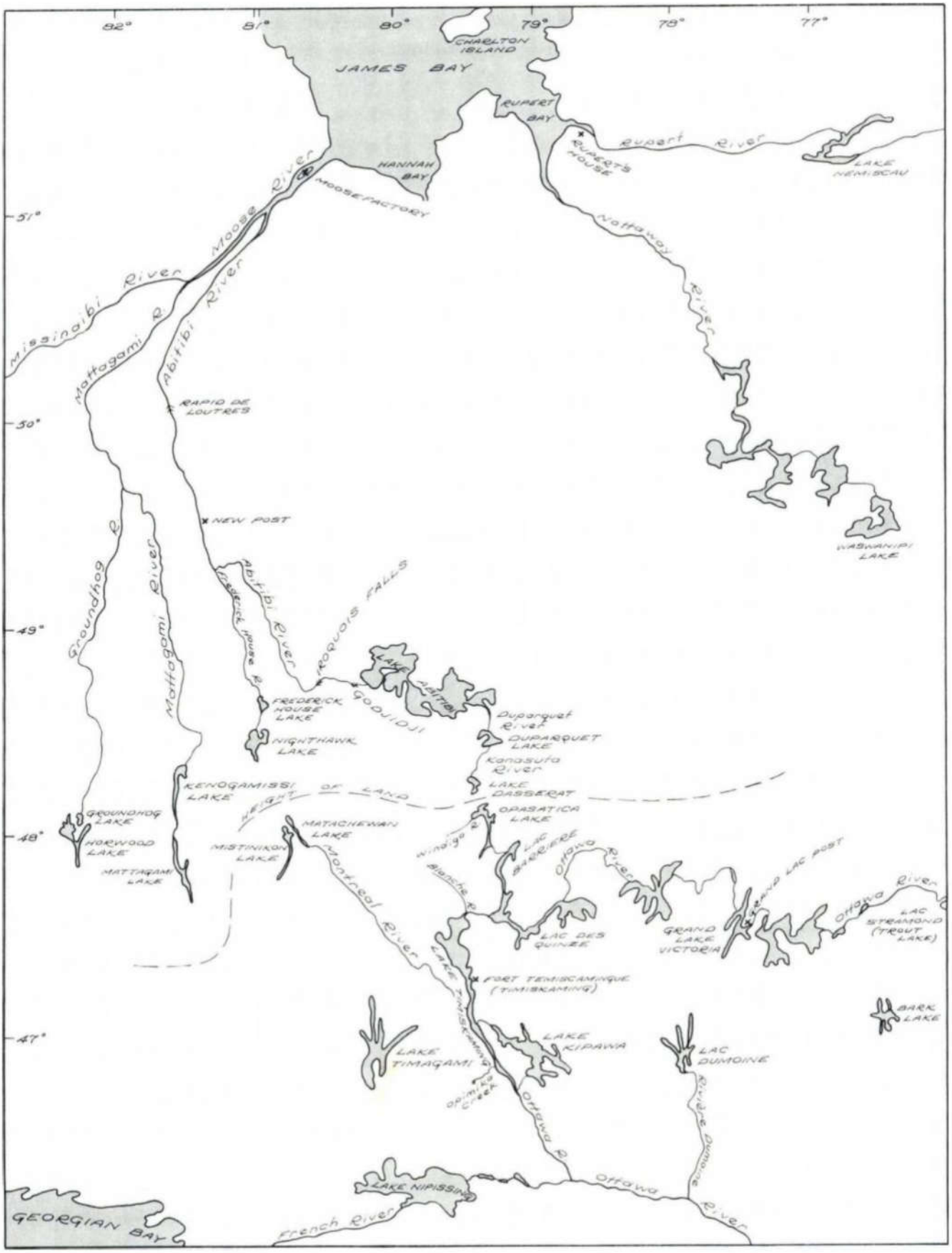
Mrs Mitchell has for many years been doing research on the Timiskaming district in archives in Britain and Canada; in this study much information has been gathered from a collection of letters preserved in the Cameron family and given to her by Colonel Angus Cameron of Nairn, Scotland.

It is generally supposed that the French abandoned their Timiskaming posts in 1758, as a result of the Seven Years' War, but it is possible that they did not actually do so until after the capture of Montreal, for it was not until June 1761 that the Moose *Journal* reported the French withdrawal from the interior. Thirteen days later however the writer was chagrined to note the presence of English traders, "as thick as Muskettos", on the Nottaway River.

One of the earliest "pedlars" in Timiskaming was Richard Dobie, a Scot settled in Montreal, who went up in 1764. In the next decade he acquired a respectable fortune and about 1776 sold the Timiskaming posts to James Grant. Grant wintered at Fort Timiskaming for almost twenty years with various partners, among them John Grant, Dobie's son-in-law. From 1787 to 1791 he was associated with Dobie himself who seems to have resumed the Timiskaming posts as a result of his son-in-law's bankruptcy.

The extent of the Timiskaming area, that is the country dependent for supplies and direction on the Fort, varied considerably over its three hundred years of existence. At its greatest, about 1804, it ranged from Rivière Dumoine to James Bay, west to Lake Nipissing and the headwaters of rivers flowing into Lake Superior, and east to Lake Waswanipi and the source of the Ottawa. In 1788 when AEneas Cameron, the first of the Camerons to be associated with Timiskaming, assumed command of Abitibi, the district numbered four principal posts, the Fort, Abitibi, Langue de Terre on Lake Mistinikon (known to Hudson's Bay men as *Sowe, a, wa, me, ni, ca* Settlement), and Grand Lac (present Grand Lake Victoria). The Rivière Dumoine post also belonged to Dobie & Grant but did not become part of Timiskaming until some years later.

The legal ownership of the Timiskaming posts did not secure Dobie & Grant from Canadian opposition. In 1788 a Hudson's Bay man, returning from the Company's post on Frederick House Lake to Moose Fort, reported five Canadian settlements on Abitibi Lake in two different interests. The interloper was Beaubien Desrivières from Lake of the Two Mountains who also had posts that year at Langue de Terre, Grand Lac and Rivière Dumoine. Dobie & Grant's vigorous offensive defeated him at Langue de Terre in 1789 and his retirement from Abitibi Lake the following summer marked the end of any further effective opposition from Canada. After 1790, except for a random foray or two by individuals into the fringe of the


82°
81°
80°
79°
78°
77°
JAMES BAY
CHARLTON ISLAND
RUPERT BAY
RUPERT'S HOUSE
Rupert River
LAKE NEMISCAU
HANNAH BAY
MOOSE FACTORY
Moose River
Missinaibi River
Mattagami R.
Abitibi River
Nottaway River
RAPID DE LOUTRES
NEW POST
WASWANIPI LAKE
Groundhog R.
Mattagami River
Abitibi River
IROQUOIS FALLS
LAKE ABITIBI
GODJIDJI
Duparquet River
DUPARQUET LAKE
Kanasuta River
LAKE DASSERAT
FREDERICK HOUSE LAKE
NIGHTHAWK LAKE
KENOGAMISSI LAKE
HEIGHT OF LAND
OPASATICA LAKE
GROUNDHOG LAKE
HORWOOD LAKE
MATTAGAMI LAKE
MISTINIKON LAKE
MATACHEWAN LAKE
Montreal River
LAC BARRIERE
Ottawa River
LAC DES QUINZE
GRAND LAC POST
GRAND LAKE VICTORIA
LAC STRAMOND (TROUT LAKE)
FORT TEMISCAMINGUE (TIMISKAMING)
LAKE TIMAGAMI
LAKE KIPAWA
LAC DUMOINE
BARK LAKE
Ottawa R.
LAKE NIPISSING
French River
GEORGIAN BAY
Ottawa River
47°
48°
49°
50°
51°

region, it was a straight fight between the owners of the Timiskaming posts and the Hudson's Bay Company which, by this time, had made considerable progress in pushing inland from Moose Fort.

Indeed it is clear that even at the height of Desrivières' opposition, it was the inroads of the English which most worried Dobie & Grant. Frederick House, built in 1785 as a preliminary to settling at Abitibi, although profitless to the Company, was nevertheless a thorn in the flesh of the Canadians. Financial difficulties probably prevented James Grant and his current partners from building on the lake but, once free of Desrivières, Dobie & Grant conceived the much more ambitious idea of carrying opposition to Moose Fort itself. Dobie's failing health however, and the discovery that he was losing money in Timiskaming prompted his retirement from active business in 1791 and a few days before Christmas he sold his interests to Grant, Campion & Co.

The new firm held the Timiskaming posts until 1795 when it, too, dissolved partnership and sold out to McTavish, Frobisher & Co. The Canadians immediately settled on Frederick House Lake and the following summer began getting supplies to Abitibi for a descent on Moose Fort. Meanwhile their renewed pressure on the Bay trade finally impelled the Moose Council to establish a post on Abitibi Lake and in 1794 George Gladman was sent inland to reconnoitre the lake and visit Fort Timiskaming. Gladman selected a site about two miles north of the Canadian fort, on the long peninsula jutting into the lake at the mouth of the Duparquet River, but though cordially received at Fort Timiskaming by James Grant and AEneas Cameron (now master there), he advised against a post on Timiskaming Lake because of the difficulty of supplying it from the Bay.

Besides Abitibi House the Hudson's Bay Company built another post the same summer on the Mattagami River, at Kenogamissi Lake, designed to replace Frederick House, whose trade had fallen off disastrously because of the Canadians. Their rivals countered by settling thirty miles to the south on Matawagamingue (Mattagami) Lake and since they also maintained their Frederick House site, the Hudson's Bay Company was forced to remain as well. In 1800 Donald McKay established a Timiskaming house on Groundhog Lake, the source of the principal tributary of the Mattagami River, called the Flying Post, although the English referred to it as Kakatoosh, from the Indian name of the lake. After this we hear no more of Langue de Terre which presumably was abandoned, but there was another Timiskaming post on Waswanipi Lake, northeast of Abitibi. We do not know when it was built, only that it was well-established in 1799 when the English from Eastmain settled briefly in the vicinity.

Wild rice in a tributary of the Mattagami River near Kenogamissi Lake.

JOHN MACHE

In the autumn of 1795 the North West Company agents bought the Timiskaming posts as part of their general plan to consolidate the Canadian trade in their own hands and strengthen their position with respect to the Hudson's Bay Company. But they had a specific purpose as well. Alexander Mackenzie's recent journeys had revealed the vast riches of the northwest and they were determined to prevent the English, already encroaching on Athabasca, from gaining a foothold in this new territory. When the Timiskaming posts came on the market, someone (perhaps Mackenzie himself) conceived the idea of using them to divert the attention of the Hudson's Bay Company by pushing the trade towards the Bay and, if necessary, making a settlement at Moose Fort. The inevitable losses would be worth while, it was argued, if only they could put the English on the defensive.

At Moose Fort Governor John Thomas was sufficiently alarmed by the news of the transfer of the Timiskaming posts and the rumours of Canadian intentions to explore the possibilities of a settlement in his area. With the object of meeting a Nor'West principal he visited Abitibi in 1797, where he talked with Alexander McDougall (like AEneas Cameron to become a partner under the new North West Agreement), and two years later, Michipicoten, where he arrived too late to meet William McGillivray on his way to Grand Portage. Meanwhile growing opposition in Canada was equally inclining the agents to the prospect of an arrangement and in a letter to Thomas in the fall of 1799 McGillivray proposed, among other concessions, to give up Frederick House and Matawagamingue, if the Hudson's Bay Company would withdraw from Abitibi and Kenogamissi Lake. Should they persist in pushing further into the northwest however, he warned, the Nor'Westers would send goods to Moose Fort in the summer of 1800. Clearly McGillivray did not realize what Thomas was quick to point out, that the London Board alone could make such a decision and that no reply to the proposals could be received until the return of the ship in 1801.

In Montreal preparations for the Moose Fort expedition went on all winter and early in May the canoes left Ste Anne's, arriving at Moose Fort at the end of June, by way of Forts Timiskaming and Abitibi, with McDougall (an enthusiastic supporter of the scheme) in charge. In the next few years the Canadians extended their activities to Charlton Island, to the east side of the Bay as far north as Great Whale River and inland to Nemiscau Lake, sending two ships to James Bay in 1803 and 1805, although canoes carrying supplies and personnel continued to come up each spring from Montreal by way of Fort Timiskaming. When John George McTavish assumed command at Charlton Island in 1803, McDougall returned to Abitibi.

From 1804 on the Nor'Westers used these posts as a *quid pro quo* in negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Board for a right of passage through the Bay but the venture was proving both unrewarding and costly and in June 1805 AEneas Cameron arrived at Moose Fort by the inland route to take stock of the situation, spending the summer on the Bay. He returned the following August by ship, the negotiations having collapsed, presumably with orders to abandon the posts on the east coast, but, apparently on his own initiative, he also gave up Moose Fort and Hannah Bay, thus withdrawing the Nor' Westers entirely from the Bay. For this he was reportedly censured at Grand Portage and in 1808 canoes were again sent to Abitibi to establish a post at Moose Fort. This time McDougall himself abandoned the attempt on learning from his English opponent that the Company expected shortly to retire from Abitibi Lake. When it finally did so in 1812 Frederick House, too, was of so little value to the Company that after a renegade Indian massacred its occupants a few months later, it was never re-settled. Until 1819, when the English again built a house at Waswanipi, Kenogamissi Lake, surrounded by Matawagamingue and Flying Post and of little consequence to Moose Fort, remained its only foothold in the Timiskaming District.

The Canadians gave up their Frederick House post in 1812 and the Timiskaming District reverted to six posts, with the usual movable outposts, Fort Timiskaming, Abitibi, Grand Lac, Waswanipi, Matawagamingue and Flying Post. In 1805 McDougall had succeeded Cameron in charge but he remained at Abitibi, Donald McKay being in command at the Fort. Angus Cameron, AEneas' nephew, was master of Matawagamingue, George McBride of the Flying Post, and Andrew McPherson of Grand Lac. Of Waswanipi we know practically nothing. McDougall retired in 1816, the same year in which Angus Cameron became a partner in the North West Company. But it was McBride, apparently because of his seniority, who succeeded to the Fort when McKay died in 1820, himself to meet an untimely death two years later.

The union of 1821 precipitated a struggle for control of Timiskaming between the former North West agents and the two Councils. At first the McGillivrays succeeded

Angus Cameron, a Nor'Wester who after the amalgamation served the Hudson's Bay Company until 1843, portrayed after he returned to Scotland.

in securing the posts for themselves and nominating Angus Cameron as Chief Trader in charge, but a few weeks later the Northern Council, while confirming Cameron's appointment, assigned them to the Southern Department. Governor Williams and his Council abandoned the English post at Waswanipi, transferred the Canadian post there to Eastmain and gave up Kenogamissi Lake in favour of Matawagamingue. Moreover in August, 1822, they separated the remaining posts into two districts, *Kenogamissi River*, comprising Matawagamingue and Flying Post, and *Abitibi River*, including Abitibi, Fort Timiskaming and Grand Lac, resolving at the same time to supply their European goods from Moose Fort and bring down their furs to the Bay. The London Board, influenced by William McGillivray, altered this decision by returning the two posts south of the Height of Land, Fort Timiskaming and Grand Lac, to the agents, although supporting the other arrangements for their trade. When we now speak of the Timiskaming District therefore, it is to these posts only that we refer.

On the failure of McGillivrays, Thain & Co. in 1825, George Simpson became supreme governor and immediately turned his attention to reorganizing the Southern Department on the principles of economy and uniformity. Expanding Williams' conception, he not only transferred the Timiskaming District to Moose Fort but proposed eventually to supply it wholly from the Bay. In addition to the eminently desirable object of cutting off the Fort from Canada, he reasoned, using Indians as carriers would be cheaper than Canadians, while the assurance of summer employment and the grandeurs of Moose Fort would help wean them from their obstinate loyalty to their former traders. Gradually substituting European clerks and Orkney servants for the Canadians now in the district (many of them related to the Indians and likely to prove troublesome in opposition) would also

protect the trade. All his officers' objections, the location of the posts south of the Height of Land, the hazards of the Abitibi River, the impossibility of using boats, the increasing scarcity of birch bark, the reluctance of the Indians to voyage, their lack of stamina for such prolonged labour and the inadequacies of Orkneymen for frontier posts, Simpson dismissed as minor drawbacks which patience and persistence would soon overcome.

The Timiskaming District accordingly became part of the Southern Department in 1830. After two discouraging seasons the officers succeeded in reconciling the Indians to voyaging but from the first they had trouble recruiting the requisite number of hands, securing them only at an ever-increasing cost. Simpson himself soon gave up the idea of making the district completely dependent on the Bay and as opposition from Canada forced the Company to increase the number of Timiskaming posts, as winter transport extended up the Ottawa to Timiskaming Lake and beyond, and as the Indians died off from the white man's diseases, the 1850s witnessed the erosion of the district's artificial alignment on Moose Fort. In 1858, too, the Bay's attractions as depot for the Timiskaming posts significantly diminished when the Canadian government insisted that English goods, whatever their port of entry, were subject to duty. Nevertheless Simpson apparently continued to believe that the district's protection justified the inconvenience and expense of carrying its furs to the Bay, out of sight of "the jealous eyes" of Canadians, and it was only after his death that it was again returned to Montreal, 1864 being the last year in which Timiskaming Indians voyaged to Moose Fort.

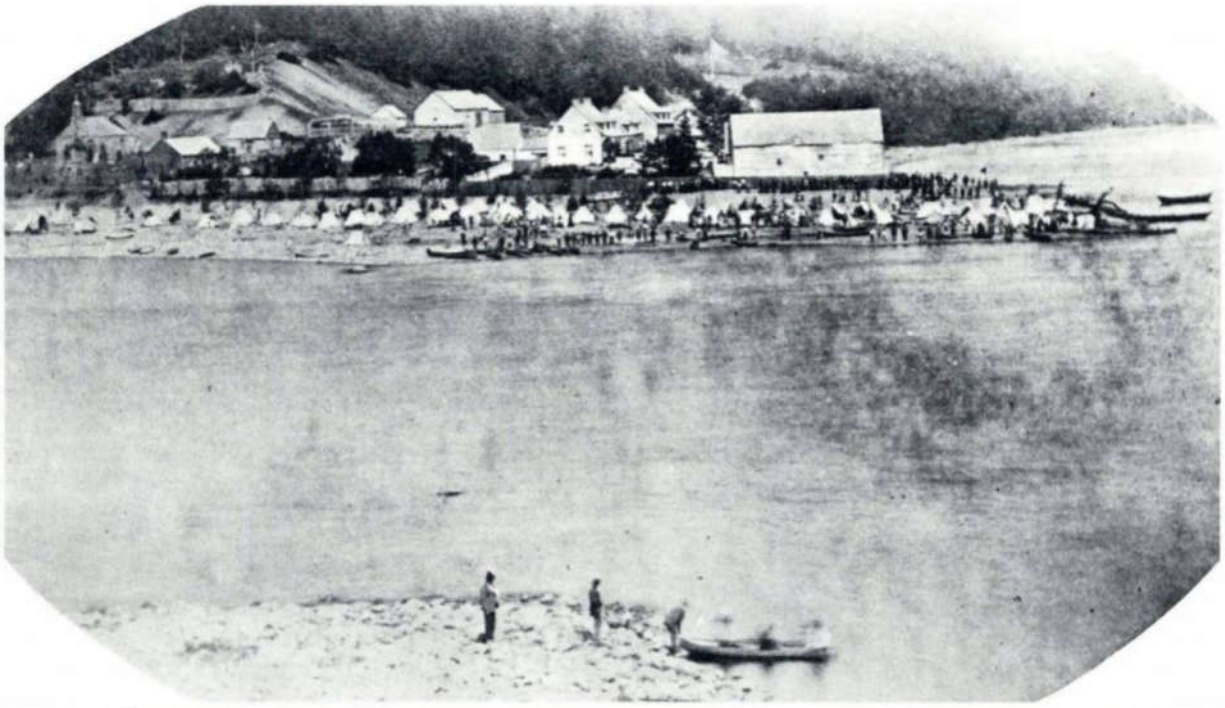
Opposition from Canada reached the Timiskaming District in 1833 when two Penetanguishene traders invaded Timagami Lake. An outpost was immediately established beside them and Simpson transferred the Nipissing post to the Timiskaming District, to keep its tariff in line with the Fort's and permit a closer watch on Timiskaming Indians straying in that direction. Seven years later he similarly removed the Mattawa post from Fort Coulonge. By this time lumberers had appeared on Timiskaming Lake, the McConnell brothers from Hull settling at Opimika Creek in 1839. Lumbermen always traded a few furs but in this instance both Simpson and Cameron were persuaded that the McConnells were more interested in furs than in timber. Accordingly, besides building outposts on Opimika Creek and Lake Kipawa (Desert's Post), they began lumbering in 1840 on the Company's behalf, hoping to clear the Timiskaming Lake of valuable timber and provide a larger complement of men for the trade.

This unsuccessful experiment lasted three years, after which Simpson fell back on traditional methods to preserve the Timiskaming trade, although fully aware of the inevitable modifications in Company policy which must follow advancing civilization, a lesson he had already learnt on the lower Ottawa. In 1847, with economy and efficiency in mind, the Fort abandoned Desert's Post and Opimika for a central location between the two, Hunter's Lodge on Lake Kipawa, and replaced the two Grand Lac outposts, Trout Lake and Cawassicamica, by Kakebaugan (Bark) Lake. With the influx of lumbermen and settlers Mattawa had now become little more than a depot for the winter transport and, recognizing the impossibility of holding its tariff to the Timiskaming level, Simpson returned it to Fort Coulonge in 1848 over the protests of James Cameron (nephew of Angus) at Fort Timiskaming. Similarly in 1863 Nipissing reverted to Lake Huron.

Roman Catholic missionaries first came to Timiskaming Lake in July 1836 when a Sulpician from Montreal, Louis-Charles de Bellefeuille, arrived at the Fort with a secular priest. He remained several days, ministering to the Indians waiting for the return of the Moose canoes and erecting a large cross north of the Fort's buildings. Returning the following summer, he visited Grand Lac and Abitibi as well, but he died in October and was succeeded by Father Poiré of the Quebec diocese who, besides going to Trout Lake in 1839, built a small chapel near the cross at Fort Timiskaming.

In 1843 the new Oblate Order took over the Ottawa missions and during the next few years, through the zeal of Father Nicholas Laverlochere, extended their summer journeys to Moose Fort and Albany. Fort Timiskaming, on Canadian soil and the missionaries' point of entry to the James Bay Country, became their logical headquarters and in 1863 they began building a permanent station on the Ontario side of the narrows opposite the Fort, "Old Mission Point". The first Oblate Bishop of Canada consecrated the chapel the following August and two years later the first Grey Sisters arrived. The "Old Mission" remained in operation until 1886 when the priests moved to the new village of Ville-Marie, two miles north of the Fort, re-erecting their abandoned chapel on the northeast shore of the lake, at the site of the mine which de Troyes had visited two centuries before and which was now again in operation. Father Laverlochere, who left the country in 1851 because of ill-health, returned in 1868 to spend his last years with his Timiskaming flock and is buried in the Indian cemetery on the hill above the Fort where his grave may still be seen.

During the sixties lumbermen, traders and settlers pushed slowly but steadily towards the Height of Land and the increasing use of cash in the fur trade heralded the inevitable abandonment of expensive establishments geared to a credit and barter system and the Company's paternalistic involvement with its customers. The most determined opposition to the Timiskaming trade came from Lake Nipissing where Michel l'Aigle, alias Duckas, was conducting a highly successful business and dispatching his Indian traders inland towards Matawagamingue and Abitibi. Yet, as early as 1860, Governor Simpson acknowledged the weakness of the Company's position with respect to its chartered territory. Even if traders crossed the Height of Land, he advised John



COURTESY COL. ANGUS CAMERON

A photo of Fort Timiskaming from Old Mission Point in the '80s, given to the Camerons by Chief Trader Anderson, shows the chapel on the left with the Indian cemetery on the hill behind it and dwellings with gardens to the right.

Simpson at Fort Timiskaming, he must not resort to strong measures, the seizure of goods, furs or persons, but rely solely on the usual tactics, sparing no effort to secure the furs and make opposition unprofitable. The injurious effect of the Fort's higher tariff on the still-valuable Abitibi trade was another argument for transferring the Timiskaming District to Montreal in 1863; with less need for intercourse between the two posts Abitibi, it was hoped, might be withdrawn from the Fort's orbit and more closely aligned with Moose.

Following its citizens up the Ottawa came the Canadian government, generally unsympathetic to the Company, which after centuries of fur trade rule but no legal claim to the soil beyond ordinary squatters' rights, had difficulty even in securing title to the lands about its posts. The first government agency to appear at Fort Timiskaming was the newly-formed Geological Survey of Canada, in the person of William Logan, its first Director, who spent several weeks on the lake in the autumn of 1845, receiving hospitality and every possible assistance. It was not until 1862 however that a mining party visited the lake in an unsuccessful search for gold. Government surveyors were at Nipissing in 1856 and customs officers from Bytown came up to Fort Timiskaming in 1858 on the complaint of a rival trader but it was 1867 before Chief Factor Robert Hamilton, in charge of the district, applied to the Crown Lands Department to purchase the point on which the Fort stood and its hay grounds at the head of the lake. To encourage settlement the Canadian government surveyed the Grand Lac area in the spring of 1867 and renamed the lake, Grand Lake Victoria, much alarming the Indians who appealed to the Company for help. Two years later, in response to the settlers' wishes, Fort Timiskaming became a post office, the postmastership and contract for carrying the mails being awarded to Chief Trader Charles Stuart, another Cameron now in command at the Fort. Mails left Pembroke for des Joachims Tuesdays and Thursdays, and des Joachims for Mattawa every Thursday, while Stuart started from Mattawa for the Fort about the fourth or fifth of every month and was paid forty dollars a quarter for his services. But the Company continued to send winter and spring packets to Moose Fort and the inland stations, leaving Montreal on the first or second of January and not later than the twentieth of May.

Fort Timiskaming carried on for another twenty years after 1870; it was reopened again in 1898 and finally abandoned in 1901. The more inaccessible Grand Lac post, on the east side of Grand Lake Victoria, survived at least until after 1913.

According to Chief Trader Thomas Anderson who served in the Timiskaming posts, Fort Timiskaming in the eighties was "one of the prettiest places along the Ottawa". When the author visited the site in 1960 the old dwelling house, its main body dating back to Angus Cameron's day, was still standing. Behind it lay the small servants' cemetery with its iron fence and beyond that again, up the hill, the Indian burial ground. North of the Fort buildings, along the shore, a cross marked the site of the first chapel and a cairn, raised by the priests to commemorate the Fort and the Mission, looked out across the narrow strait to "Old Mission Point". ◆

FRAGMENTS FROM A JOURNEY

The artist who captured in water-colour fragments of time and space was born in 1848 at Saint André de Kamouraska, southeast of Quebec City, son of André Paradis, a carpenter, and was christened Charles Alfred Marie. After studying at Sainte Anne de la Pocatière College, he became in 1871 art teacher at Ottawa College, a master of calligraphy, sketching, and colouring. He served in this capacity until 1881, year of his ordination. As a missionary of the Oblate Order he was sent to Timiskaming where he remained until autumn 1884. Father Paradis died in Montreal in 1926 and rests within the cathedral. He led a very active life, much of it in founding new settlements, and there is a quality about his memory that recalls another obituary: "This was a man".

Father Paradis' illustrated manuscript is preserved among the Langevin papers, box AP-L 12-19, Manuscript Room, Quebec Archives and by kind permission of the Director this account was prepared and the drawings photographed by Mr Albert Gérin-Lajoie, a former journalist who is now supervisor of the eastern region of the National Historic Parks Branch.

BY ALBERT GÉRIN-LAJOIE

DATED 1884, from places whose names are enshrined in our sagas—Ka Nitawikaminjamong, Témiskaming, Wewebinitizon-Adji, Moose, Ombataongacing, Albany, Abitibi—these are pictures of features and hazards on the water route linking the Saint Lawrence to James Bay via the Ottawa and Abitibi Rivers crossing the land of the Windigo.

You will seek in vain for many of the native names on modern maps. Some have disappeared from use as the rapids or waterfalls they marked were stilled under man-made reservoirs, erasing even the memory of challenges that tried the temper of our forebears as they followed in the wakes, as tenuous as any loon's, of the hunters and gatherers paddling uncharted streams and lakes, on to the discovery of a world, its wealth—or oblivion.

Other features have escaped destruction, but the old names have been nudged off the map to make room for new ones. Our land is but a vast slate where the old names, descriptive in nature, are removed by a discreet wipe of the sponge and replaced by epitaphs. (It is almost impossible to keep the old spellings from intruding. The centuries have seen to this and the compiler of the gazetteer is not to be envied.)

In 1686, a few days after the return of the Chevalier de Troyes from his overland expedition to James Bay, Denonville, Governor of New France reported to the Court: ". . . we have proved that the route by Témiskaming and Abitibi is a terrible road. . ." and de Troyes' journal is enlightening on this score.

A hundred and ninety-eight years after de Troyes' epic journey, a party set out from Pembroke, on a pastoral visit led by Monseigneur N. Z. Lorrain, Bishop of Cythera and apostolic vicar of Pontiac, which took them to Fort Albany and back, to call at posts and missions of his see, for the two were neighbours at almost every point.

In the party was Father Charles Alfred Marie Paradis, Oblate missionary of Timiskaming,* who drafted and decorated a manuscript titled: "De Témiskaming à la Baie d'Hudson", a seventy-two page text called by its author a report, but in fact a petition accompanied by a travelogue, that was presented to Sir Hector Langevin, then Minister of Public Works in the Macdonald cabinet.

Another member of the expedition was Father J. B. Proulx who, relying solely on the pen, published in 1886 a narration of the same journey of 1884, under the title: "A La Baie d'Hudson". Thus there is considerable information about travel, both early and late, on the Ottawa-Abitibi route to the Bay.

Both trips were made in birch-bark canoes, but while de Troyes used thirty-five to transport a hundred men, with some loss of craft that had to be made good on the way and much mending, His Grace, his four companions, and seven paddlers made the journey in what Father Proulx calls a "Great Eastern" one time and a "rabaska" another, which by the way bore the name *Zéphire*. (A rabeska or rabaska was the large fur-trade *canot de maître* built in the Ottawa River valley.)

One of de Troyes' companions, Pierre Allemand, a pilot by trade, became the troop's quartermaster and as if this was not enough, was also given the job of mapping the journey and naming the rapids. He hit upon the expedient of giving them the names of saints in the order they occur in the litanies.

*Father Paradis used what is the current French spelling, Témiskaming, but for the sake of consistency in H B C records the spelling Timiskaming authorized by the Geographic Board of Canada (1910) has been used here.

Two centuries later, Allemand's brilliant solution had been neglected by an unimaginative posterity. Instead, the saints had been replaced by native names or French or English names. However, the evils of the route were by now well on the way to final exorcism, for it is well known that to have named a devil is half the victory. And even then, we were remarkably open-minded: where else can you find the Godjidji (sometimes spelt Couchiching) neighbouring the Chutes des Iroquois and the Lopstick?

In 1686, de Troyes travelled from Lake Timiskaming to the Height of Land and Lake Opasatica via the Blanche River and by Windigo River and Lake. The 1884 journey elected the Rapide des Quinze, Lac des Quinze and thereafter, the journeys are once again identical.

Canoe travel, whether in the 1680s or the 1880s, offered the same delights but alas also the very same discomforts. Akokwehidjiwan (the height of land) being something like 917 feet above sea-level, the travellers were doomed to scale a seemingly endless succession of gargantuan steps, only to have to undergo the same performance in reverse once the height was behind them.

The corollary being of course, having to call upon every trick of the trade: portage (carrying canoe and cargo past the rapids), décharge (carrying the cargo and working the empty canoe in the water), demi-décharge (unloading half the freight, traversing the difficult water and returning empty for the rest of the load), cordelle (lining by tow-men on the bank with the steersman in the canoe), poling, hauling and so on. To de Troyes' contemporaries these were normal occurrences if one had to travel, so he did not waste words explaining the obvious.

But, having to rely on arm-power rather than horse-power, was to the Bishop's party a new, exciting and dangerous experience and each manoeuvre is well described for the edification of the urbanized sophisticates. From these two narratives, a lesson emerges made even more poignant by a recent tragedy: given a canoe and white water, time has no meaning and might never have been.

Navigation on the Abitibi was often complicated by the river's constant erosion of its banks, bringing down great masses of clay and trees to partially block the way. The canoemen worked around these obstacles by hauling the canoe along, pulling on the branches of the fallen trees, a motion described by the Timiskaming Indian verb *wikwakwahe*.

The fate of *Zéphire* and of the whole party rested in the capable hands of Okoushin, a Timiskaming Indian who drove his crew of six paddlers to perform wonders. To the all-important responsibility of bowman, Okoushin added that of gumming the seams and rents. It speaks highly for his skills that save for wayward billows dousing the passengers, the trip seems to have been a reasonably dry one and no upsets are recorded.

Okoushin's moment of truth occurred during the return journey when he snatched victory by using his lore to the full. When His Grace left Fort Abitibi to return south, Mr D. C. McTavish, a "bourgeois" of the Hudson's Bay Company was passing through, having been transferred from Fort Rupert to Fort La Cloche on Lake Superior.

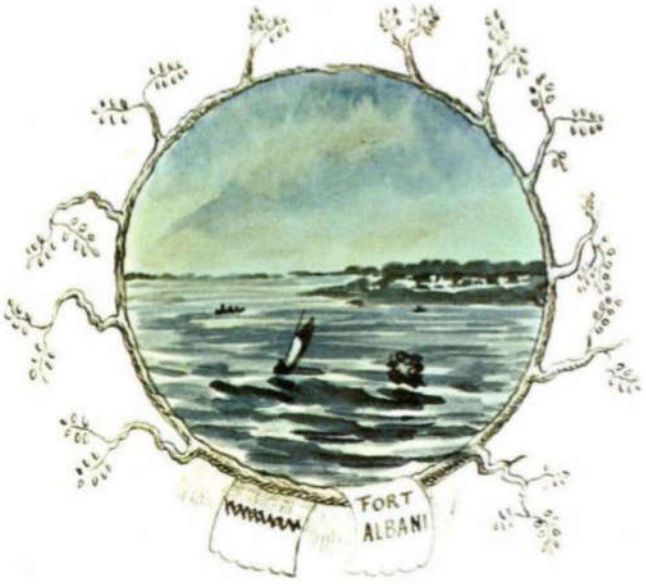
McTavish travelled in a style befitting his station. His canoe was new and brightly painted, bearing on its bow a flowery crown inscribed in ornate letters *Fox*, and his bowman, Jimyson, a grizzled veteran of the northern waterways was backed by five paddlers. *Zéphire* did have one more paddler, but had four more pieces of "walking baggage" and all their gear.

Since both parties were on the way to Timiskaming, the race was on. The pace was such that five days travel were compacted into four. And here Okoushin, used his trump. During a meal stop, he rubbed the hull of *Zéphire* with—a pork rind.

The outcome was that both contestants won. *Zéphire* reached the foot of the Rapide des Quinze first, where His Grace stopped for a christening, while *Fox* sailed on to be first at Timiskaming House (or Fort Timiskaming).

The pastoral visitors learnt the hard way, that adaptable as the birch-bark canoe is, there is one situation where it is helpless, nay, useless: the shallow rapids or for that matter, the tidal flats.

Some of the most beautiful river vistas that can be admired from the comfort of an automobile are those stretches of rippling water reflecting the sun from many thousand facets, to charm and delight. But to the bowman of the laden canoe, this was the signal for the imperative order: "Out with the walking baggage". So the passengers found themselves wading to shore and all too often trudging along the river until water once again could float the canoe. Only then could rank and station become evident.



The 1884 party travelled past Moose Factory to Fort Albany, along the west shore of James Bay, which is notorious for its tidal flats. And there they discovered that flat rapids were not so bad after all.

The canoe would set out bravely, paddles flashing in the sun, wavelets lapping at the bark, lulling everyone into drowsiness and then, the rasping sound from the bottom of the canoe and, sitting up, they would be dismayed to see the sea receding three to five miles on the one hand, while dry land was about as far on the other. Meanwhile, *Zéphire* had to be relieved of the stress of the weight of so many bodies.

So the bodies got out on the odoriferous mud of the flats, with nothing to do but wait for the tide to turn, hoping it would not bring with it a change of wind and all the time wondering if there would ever be an end to the mosquitoes or if they might ever get used to the peculiar aroma stirred up by their steps.

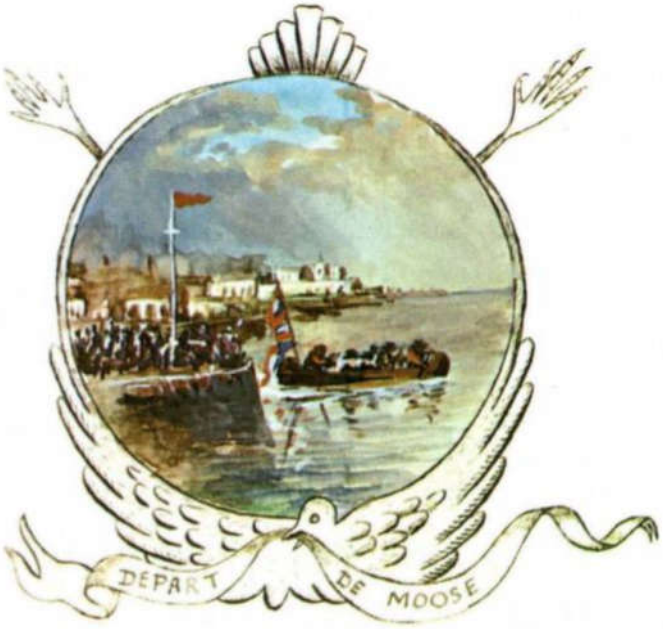
De Troyes set out from Montreal on March 30th, and as early as April 2nd, notes in his journal that for some days now the wild geese have been passing overhead. Winging north, these harbingers of thaw, summer and plenty, are one of the truly moving sights and sounds of the land.

The trip of 1884 on the other hand was a summer one, but of the fauna, very little is noticed save for mosquitoes (about twenty-four times), black-flies, and no-see-ums called by one of the party "the devil in dust form". However, the mosquito holds the limelight, both the southern brand, bad enough, thank you, and a "yellow" type, a denizen of the James Bay basin which according to Father Proulx takes up where the others leave off!

There were sobering moments during the summer of 1884. On the north leg of the trip, the party had entered the Abitibi River and passed Godjidji (Couchiching Falls) to the next landmark, Iroquois Falls, one of the many memorials scattered through the Height of Land country from the Great Lakes to Lake Saint John, marking incursions already two centuries old at that time and yet so fresh in folk memory that the retelling leaves the listener perplexed as to the period involved.

It was here that a small mound at the foot of a hillock marked a grave. A fence enclosed in space twelve feet by eight, a black cross inscribed in both French and English: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph Thomas Beads who departed this life on the fifteenth day of May 1850, aged 18 years and five months".

The old rites were still in use in the land as late as 1879. At the junction of the Frederick River and the Abitibi, is a spot described as a veritable paradise for a hunter and the place where he should erect his wigwam. In proof of this, Father Proulx tells of Atitimou (the Squirrel) who chose to be laid to rest there. Atitimou had married a Catholic woman and allowed his children to be baptized, but for himself would not hear of forsaking the beliefs and ways of his fathers. He even dictated to his relatives the order and ritual of his laying away.



When *Zéphire* sailed past this point, a long box fashioned of logs could clearly be seen, atop a roughly cleared knoll, and beside it four trestles supporting a platform.

When tuberculosis got the better of Atitimou, his body was wrapped in birch-bark and placed in a casket under a new tent, while on the platform were laid, out of reach of bears, his outfit: gun, powder, knife, and in a chest, pants, shirt, mitasses [leggings], stockings, blankets, tobacco, pipe, soap, and so on. It is related that his two brothers-in-law worked six days to perform the complete ritual requested by Atitimou before his death. We can only hope that they in turn were as loyally served as they served the Squirrel!

The two journeys, de Troyes' and Mgr Lorrain's, identical in space, yet two centuries apart in time, were parallel in many respects, not least of which was a concern with the Hudson's Bay Company posts, but for different reasons.

The reasons for de Troyes' overland trip, to oust the English from the Bay, are well known so it is not necessary to elaborate on them here. Mgr Lorrain, on the other hand, had recently been elevated to a vast see and his only means of meeting his flock and administering the sacrament of confirmation was to meet the nomads at the trading posts next to what missions there were.

The 1884 trip was marked by amity, good-fellowship and co-operation by one and all that is truly inspiring. At Mattawa, entertainment was proffered and gladly accepted, and His Grace and party were greeted and feted by Chief Factor C. N. Rankin, newly transferred from Timiskaming House to the Mattawa post.

On Lake Timiskaming, no trace remained of the post of Messieurs de la Compagnie du Nord, nor for that matter of the island at the mouth of the Montreal river where it had stood for a time. The post and island had joined the Compagnie du Nord in the pages of History.

Instead, Timiskaming House and the Mission, standing on either side of Opatchionang, the Narrows, awaited the party and chief clerk C. C. Farr vied with Latour, a lumberman, the missionaries, and McBride, a farmer from the head of the lake, to entertain the distinguished company.

At Abitibi, Father Nedelec, missionary there, joined the party and Mr Henderson, officer of the Hudson's Bay Company at the post, proved a thoughtful and generous host.

On the Abitibi River, well on the way to Moose, New Post, built sixteen or eighteen years earlier, was under Alexander McLeod (Mr McCloud in the manuscript), who had been in the Hudson's Bay service for some years, although in his youth he had been something of a traveller, having visited the coast of Africa. Again, the party was treated with all courtesy and feasted on the local speciality: jugged hare. Mr McLeod at 70, could claim to gourmet tastes and his guests had to admit to the validity of his boast.

To the Indians, it seems that New Post had another claim to fame, for they called it Sagimewakaigon, fort of the mosquitoes.

At Moose Factory, Mr James L. Cotter, the chief factor, who was also superintendent of a vast district encompassing several posts, placed the Company's buildings and facilities at the disposal of the missionaries and of course provided much of the entertainment. This

visit is particularly noted in Father Proulx's text, since Mr Cotter related the history of the Company at some length and having taken up photography, exhibited some of the pictures he had taken in Labrador and farther up on Hudson Bay.

Of the reception at Fort Albany, suffice it to say that it was as pleasant and friendly as everywhere else on the long route north.

In 1884, much change was in the air. The old life of trade and canoe travel, by now highly stylized had, in fact reached its sunset. Logging and farming had appeared on the shores of Lake Timiskaming over twenty years earlier and were spreading to the north and the east.

When a way of life passes on, outstripped or elbowed aside by progressive forces, it usually takes with it its gods and demons—and the Windigo, man-eating terror of the Height of Land, did not escape this humiliation. Already in 1884 Windigo spirits are referred to as "these little devils" by Father Paradis, while Father Proulx calls them "sorcerers"! Oh there are a few Windigo creeks, rivers or lakes scattered about, but even the terror of the name has faded.

Of the Height of Land plateau, it can be said that monotony is its main feature. However, two miles north of the Dasserat station on the Ontario Northern railroad and about as far from Quebec highway No. 59, there is a prominent landmark: twin peaks, altitude 1,639 feet, called the Swinging Hills—a long jump from Wewebison-adji (Proulx) or Wewebinitizon-Adji (Paradis) the Mountains of the Swing, so called because Windigo was supposed to have drawn a rope between the peaks and in his lighter moments swung playfully thereon.

The Great Eastern canoe, so comfortable under sail or paddle on the quiet reaches became a severe handicap on the portages between Fort Abitibi and New Post. Until about 1876-77, Abitibi had been provisioned from Moose Factory and its furs shipped to England from James Bay, so the Company had kept the portages clear of brush and deadfalls for the safe passage of the great freight canoes. However, with the improvement of transportation to the south, New Post became the end of the line for freight from Moose and the abandoned portages, still negotiable after a fashion by light craft, became formidable obstacles for the four unfortunates chosen to carry *Zéphire*.

Dasserat station is close to Dasserat Lake, whose name was once Lac des Iles and Lac Labyrinth, and before that again: Opwataongajing or Ombataongacing or Obataongacing (where there are a great many channels), probably at least as many as there have been names!

Another lake that has been coddled by toponymists is now Duparquet, which about 1908 was Dry Bone Lake and prior to that Akotekami or Okotegami (the suspended waters).

With pen and brush, Fathers Proulx and Paradis have left as their monument a wealth of material that will delight and inform all who thirst for a clearer glimpse of the many faces of our Past. ◆

POTLATCH

views on a curious and exemplary custom

BY FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

THE PROBLEM, as every member of the acquisitive society will have noticed by now, is not in amassing things but in getting rid of them. Look into your closets, O Western World, and you will see a rising flood of things threatening to engulf you—a surfeit of all the fair and flagrant things that human and mechanical ingenuity can devise. One acquires them as desiderata; afterward, many of them turn out to be things that the department of sanitation cannot be prevailed upon to haul away. Sometimes, by happy chance, one can manage to lose things, and three moves are as good as a fire, as my New England grandmother used to say. But a far more stylish way of disposing of a lot of things in a hurry is the time-honoured northwest coast Indian potlatch. In the midst of our great crisis of the Malthusian supermarket a study of the ways of the potlatchers can teach us something.

The Indians of the Pacific coast used to be very good at making things, and they produced vast quantities of them, for they lived in a region where the salmon and halibut were so thick they did everything but catch themselves. That left the human population with time on their hands for making spruceroot rain hats, mountain-sheep horn spoons, cedarwood boxes inlaid with haliotis shell and snail opercula, argillite grease-dishes, maple-wood soapberry-beating paddles, blankets of mountain-goat hair and cedar bark, whale's-tooth amulets, and such.

Since arts and crafts (and, to a lesser extent, sex) were the Indians' main preoccupation before the white man introduced liquor, money, and book-keeping, their long-houses would periodically fill to overflowing with the results of everybody's incessant basket weaving, wood carving, and stone chiselling. But to keep these from becoming a burden on the tribal psyche, their chief would hold a potlatch and give everything away in one great orgy of generosity. Potlatches were given to celebrate the accession of a new chief, the raising of a totem pole, the assumption of a crest or title, and so on; the word derives from the Nootka *patshatl*, "to give". If the potlatching chief impoverished himself and his clan in the process, so much the better, for by his very lavishness he acquired an unpurchasable esteem in the community. Besides, custom dictated that the recipients of his gifts must go him one better at their next potlatch.

A proper potlatch involved prodigious displays of eating, since it was a point of honour with the host to provide much more food than his guests could consume. The eating would last for days, interspersed with singing, belching, speechmaking, dramatic performances, and the ceremonial conferring of honorific names. But the vital part of the occasion was the bestowing of gifts—bowls, boxes, baskets, blankets, canoes, ornaments, sculptures—that the chief had collected among his people, from each according to his ability, and now distributed among his guests, to each according to his rank.

Potlatching replaced warfare and violence as a way of settling tribal disputes after the Canadian and United States governments began asserting their authority along the coast. "When I was young I saw a stream of blood shed in war," said an old Kwakiutl in a speech in 1895. "But since that time the white men came and stopped up that stream of blood with wealth. Now we fight with our wealth."

The Hudson's Bay Company's factory-made blankets replaced deerskin and mountain-goat robes just at the time when potlatching reached new heights of conspicuous consumption, having been accelerated by the tribal chiefs' need to assert their prerogatives in a rapidly changing world. A chief grown wealthy in the fur trade would demonstrate his contempt for property by giving away and destroying whole households—burning canoes, clubbing slaves to death, and breaking his most valuable "coppers" in the process. The coppers—shaped like shields and decorated with totemic figures—were, in effect, bills of high denomination that enabled a chief to get rid of a great deal of wealth at one go. Often they were worth more than their weight in gold, for they had the disconcerting habit of doubling their value every time they changed hands; and it was not uncommon for a copper to be worth ten or fifteen thousand trade blankets.

To be able to break so powerful a copper before an audience of one's invited rivals was a tremendous honour. But the game was usually rigged, since the broken pieces could be picked up and either resold at a profit or used to

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Freelance author Frederic Grunfeld, whose article first appeared in "Horizon" by whose kind permission it is presented, lives in Majorca and in his spare time makes horn spoons to give away.

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embarrass a neighbour. "A chief may break his copper and give the broken parts to his rival," explains the pioneer anthropologist Franz Boas, who watched a lot of potlatching before the turn of the century. "If the latter wants to keep his prestige, he must break a copper of equal or higher value, then return both his own broken copper and the fragments which he received. . . ."

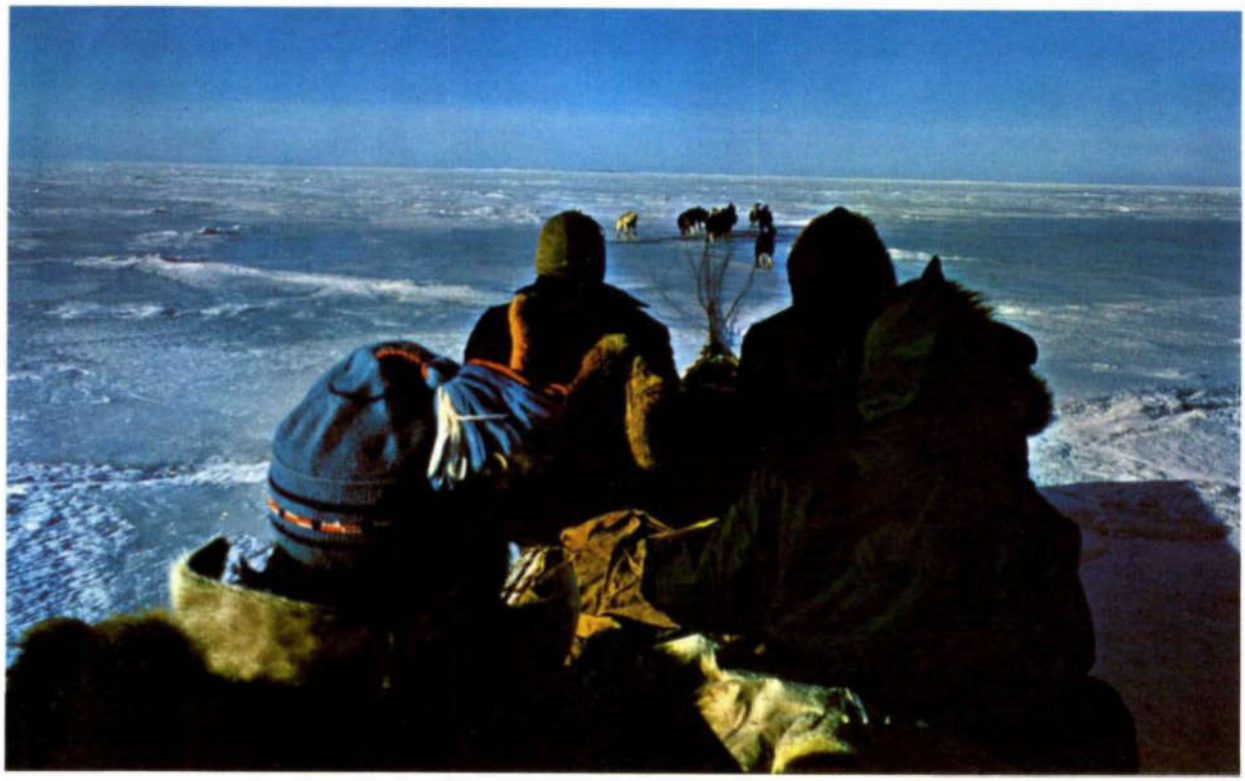
Later, when coppers went out of circulation, the potlatch people shifted to trade goods and introduced a whole department-store repertory to take their place. The Kwakiutl chief Daniel Cranmer drew up a partial inventory for the anthropologist Dr Helen Codere when he described a memorable potlatch he held at Village Island, British Columbia, in 1921: "I gave him [the chief of nearby Cape Mudge village] a gas boat and $50 cash. Altogether that was worth $500 . . . The same day I gave Hudson's Bay blankets. I started giving out the property. First the canoes. Two pool tables were given to two chiefs. It hurt them. They said it was the same as breaking a copper. The pool tables were worth $350 apiece. Then bracelets, gas lights, violins, guitars were given to the more important people. Then 24 canoes, some of them big ones, and four gas boats." Later he handed out jewelry, shawls, sweaters, and shirts for women and young people; button blankets, shawls and four hundred trade blankets; washtubs, teapots, cups, and about a thousand washbasins. Handfuls of small change were flung to the children. "The fourth day I gave away furniture: boxes, trunks, sewing machines, gramophones, bedsteads and bureaus. The fifth day I gave away cash. The sixth day I gave away about 1,000 sacks of flour worth $3 a sack. I also gave sugar." When it was over, he was unchallengeably one up on every other chief in the region. "All the chiefs say now in a gathering, 'You cannot expect that we can ever get up to you. You are a great mountain'."

Potlatches of a sort are still given occasionally in the northwest coast Indian country, but nowadays the institution retains only a faint glimmer of its former magnificence. Since they no longer have art objects to give away, they simply throw parties at which everybody receives . . . money. The end is clearly in sight. The white man has never shown much understanding for the potlatch; it was outlawed by the Canadian government, and even sympathetic anthropologists have described it as an "atrocious" and "paranoid" pursuit of social prestige. Most of them have missed the point; namely, that potlatching was essentially a primitive, preliterate form of investment banking.

From an economist's standpoint the wealthy Indian chief accomplished the same results by ostensibly giving things away as does the modern millionaire by supposedly holding on to them. In our paper economy the millionaire doesn't keep his wealth around the house, either—except for a Modigliani or two. What he doesn't need for his personal consumption he gives to a bank, in the form of pieces of power-paper inscribed with totems. The bank, in turn, ladles it out to the economy as a whole in the form of loans. The main thing is that people (beginning with the bank manager) must know that the money, though invisible, is actually there. It is this knowledge that determines a man's status as a millionaire; otherwise he's just a Collyer brother hoarding rubbish.

A Kwakiutl chief, depositing his wealth with his rivals, also depended on that public knowledge for his power, though he never had to worry about bankruptcies or a drop in the price of coppers. At the highest level, the cycle of acquisition and distribution is virtually identical in both cases. If our millionaire is very, very rich, social pressure and the tax structure will induce him, sooner or later, to do some heavy potlatching of the modern sort: the name of the game is Rockefeller Foundation. ◆

Potlatch at Fort Rupert c. 1890.



The outbound trail, with not a wisp of vegetation in sight. Photos by the author.

Seals Today, Maybe

BY GEORGE W. BAUER

Welfare teacher at Fort George, Mr Bauer went on several seal hunts during the past five years; snowmobiles were not used by these hunters though they are now being considered.

IT WAS MID-APRIL and the day perfect to behold. There was no surface drift over the ice of James Bay, little wind, and the sun was already well up in the early morning sky.

With five hunting companions, I sat, huddling along the gunwales of a canoe lashed firmly to the narrow, long runnered sled common to northeastern Canada. Twelve dogs trotted ahead, pulling evenly on their single traces, fanning out from the sled in the order of their strength and importance to the team. Surrounding us on all sides lay broad sheets of immaculate ice and snow. Not a tree, not a wisp of vegetation could be seen, and the deep rock of an island stood against a perfectly serene bluegreen sky. Twenty or more miles behind us, the small coastal settlement of Fort George, Quebec, slowly awakened to the even tenor of daily routine. Nothing is ever hurried here among the Indians and Eskimos except departure for a hunt, and even this is often long delayed.

As we travelled over the outbound trail each man seemed to agree that today, weather being what it was, we might see seal in open water, but not a man among them would have committed himself beyond the possibility. No Indian or Eskimo ever would. They would sensibly wait. I was inexperienced in the ways of the early spring hunt, and in the ways of patience, I might add. I sat, but unlike these men, I was anxious.

"Hey, Charlie," I called to the man sitting opposite me. "You figure we see anything today?"

Looking for an easy way through to the water's edge.

Charlie grinned in reply—a quick, evasive grin—that and nothing more. The sled sped on, my uncertain answer lost in the hollow sounds it made upon the snow.

Upon reaching the first ridges of pressure ice near open water bedlam broke loose. In the agonized mazes of pressure ice, large slabs are tumbled together, often to a height of ten feet and more. Now in an instant each man jumped from the sled. I, alone, remained seated. The men ran, holding firmly to the gunwales of the canoe with one good hand, driving the dogs furiously. They chattered to the dogs, and swore at them, and told them tall tales, as if, were the sounds of their voices to stop, the dogs, too, would stop stock still. One of the men, a wiry old Eskimo, beat upon the canoe with a stick of wood, exhorting flagging spirits to renewed effort, chanting above his own special racket in a voice filled with terrible urgency. Ears flat, bushy tails floating behind, the dogs pulled with everything in them. The sled bounced from one hummock of frozen ice to the next, striking ice cakes, curvetting and bouncing, until I thought I would be sent sprawling from my precarious perch at any moment. Unable to remain seated longer, I hesitated, picked my spot on the ice beneath my feet and jumped, running as I hit the ice.

Inevitably, the long, strong traces of sealskin snarled on the slabs of ice, fouling dogs and sled alike. Men cursed, dogs whimpered, progress stopped. The men ran among the fouled dogs, lifting them bodily, unsnarling the traces so that we could continue. In our hurry to cross the pressure ice, dogs snapped at one another and fought, and always, the whip cracked with the bitterness of a pistol shot, catching the dogs in the head, flanks, or behind. Once, while the dogs fought hopelessly entangling their traces, Charlie, a most practical man, fixed things in a hurry. He grabbed a man-sized piece of firewood from the canoe and belted one of the dogs over the head with a savage swipe. He then picked up one of the other entangled dogs and, lifting it to shoulder height, threw the dog to the ice with a resounding plunk—all the while muttering threats, the substance of which could not be printed here, but whose import the dogs understood perfectly.

Untangling the dogs, we hurried on, within sight now of the stain of mist rising from the open water ahead. Suddenly, it seemed, as quickly as we began it was over: we were through the last maze of pressure ice facing James Bay.

Across a narrow expanse of water, large ice floes moved slowly seaward with the gentle wind. Their bulk and mass were quietly impressive: they spoke of the North, but more important, they spoke of sea currents and wind. The men would watch the behaviour of the floes for the remainder of the day, not as I from aesthetic pleasure, but from early training, knowing by their drift when wind changed direction or rose dangerously, threatening our safety upon the main ice sheet.

Miles of ice will break loose from offshore ice given proper conditions, drift out to meet the main ice pack, creating fields shifting with the caprices of wind and current, to say nothing of the hazard it would create for us. When untold tons of such ice come together, it is an awesome thing to see and hear as they groan and convulse, split and separate. It is here, at this time of year, that seal work the open water for fish, and hazardous or no, it is here we must be.

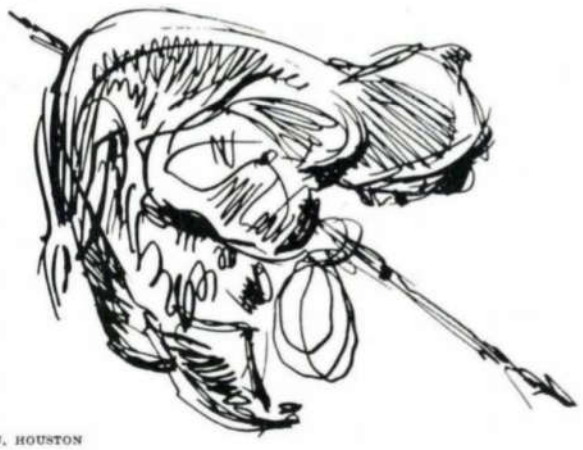
Seal can remain submerged for fifteen to twenty minutes, but must surface periodically for oxygen. Because of this they must fish either in open water or else keep air holes open throughout the winter and spring months. These inverted cone-like air holes are kept open by a constant chewing or scratching of the newly forming ice by the seal from below. The air holes may sometimes be seen at considerable distance by the sharp-eyed hunter or his dogs, since each time the seal breaks the hole open again, he forces water up through the small aperture, adding to its dimensions. Charlie informed me that seal will work open water for fish rather than the space beneath heavy ice simply for convenience in breathing. So long as the inland winds and prevailing currents keep the shifting fields of ice offshore, that is where most seals will be.

However this may be, years ago the older Eskimo and Indian of northern Quebec usually killed his seal by waiting over an air hole with poised harpoon. Once the air hole was located, usually with the help of dogs, the kill might be long delayed. The seal, having several air holes, may have been hours in coming, or, worse, may not have come at all. I had met an old Eskimo hunter who admitted having spent the best part of three and four days motionless over an air hole in that extraordinary attitude in which all hunters worthy of the name stood, bent forward from the hips, forced by the seal's acute sense of hearing to maintain absolute silence, often to no avail. On one occasion, a young Eskimo I had come to know well had returned to the settlement from sealing in the old way, disappointed that he returned empty handed.

"How long did you wait?" an old Eskimo asked.

"Four freezing hours!" the young Eskimo indignantly replied.

The old Eskimo looked at him soberly. "Four days is not too many," he said.



J. HOUSTON

Chastened though he had been, the young Eskimo was never again to hunt in the old way, and so it is with most hunters today. Even the older hunters have resorted to the more expedient means of dispatching seal with rifle.

As I watched the ice floes, the others busied themselves unloading rifles, food, firewood, and fresh water ice we carried with us for making tea later. The dogs were released from the sled, and the canoe unlashed in case seal were shot. Once the canoe was carried to a point near the water, most of the men slid long white capes over their clothing to blend more easily with their surroundings. They then picked up their rifles and ice probes and set off, testing the soundness of the ice with deliberate stabs of the iron tipped sticks. Some of the men went right, others left to take up stations at one to two hundred yard intervals along water's edge.

"You come with me," Gabriel said to me.

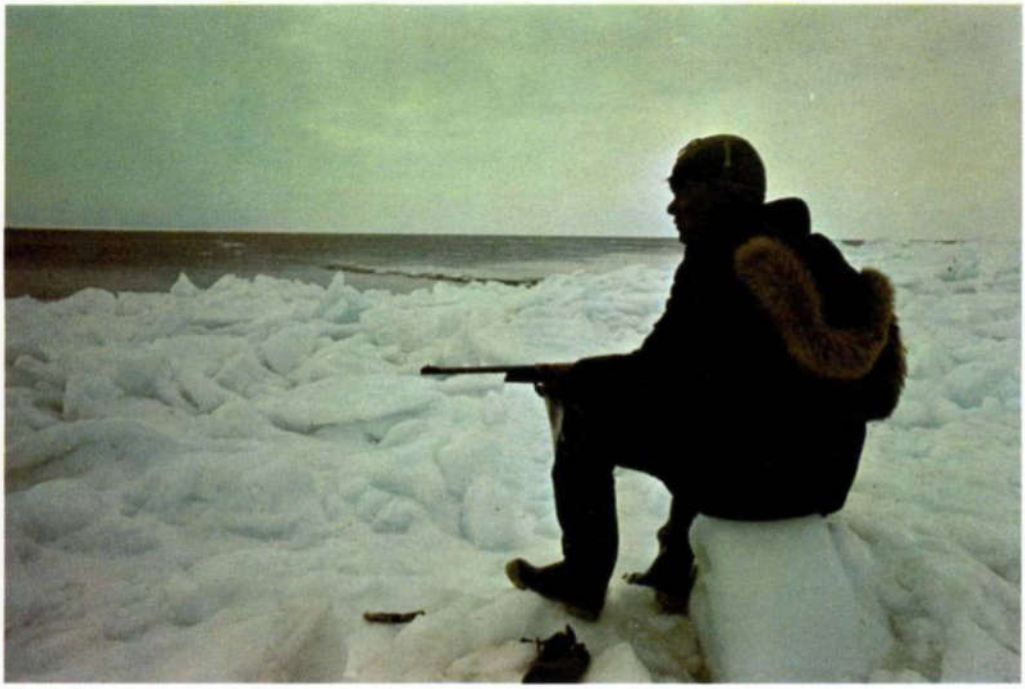
Gabriel chose a course far to the left of the dogs, sled, and canoe, and seemed grimly determined to hold to it, although the tip of his stick broke through the thin crust of ice several times. Whenever this happened, we would promptly veer away to safer footing only to return to Gabriel's set course once more, tapping the flooring of our strange world much as a blind man tests paving with a cane. Most of the time the ice gave a hollow ring, far too hollow for comfort. At times, it gave a thunderous crack that ran ahead of us some distance before subsiding into silence. With my heart still in my mouth, Gabriel would grin foolishly back at me while I cringed inside.

I had to admire that Indian. He was somewhat undersized, a bit ragged, and quite possibly none too clean, but the fact that eternity lurked but a scant few inches beneath us gave him no pause for concern. He shuffled along in his ungainly way, testing the ice each step of the way. Precarious as our situation may have seemed to me, Gabriel would have explained, had I asked, that sea ice is far safer than fresh water ice because it has a tendency to become rubbery when weight is applied.

When we reached a suitable spot, we huddled down behind large slabs of ice, thrust skyward at imposing angles, and began a prolonged vigil of watching and waiting for seal to appear. About two hundred yards to our left, Charlie patiently studied the water with an old brass telescope in long, slow arcs.

At length, Gabriel turned to me and said: "If the mist out there gets any worse maybe we won't see any seal."

The mist remained but fortunately did not become worse. My companion alternately scanned the water, cadged my cigarettes, and watched the movement of the thickening floe. Every now and then, he would absently raise his .303 caliber British Enfield rifle and sight along its barrel. Satisfied that his eye was still sound, he would lower the rifle and look across the water. By now the ice floes had moved far to sea, indicating a steadily rising wind. Worse, small pieces of ice were breaking from the main sheet, bobbing like cork seaward over the choppy water.



The tedious game of waiting for seal to appear in open water.

Huddled behind the large slabs of ice, out of the wind, I began dozing in the warmth of the sun. I had long since realized that the greater part of the excitement of a seal hunt in mid-April was the sled ride. Here, there was only silence and waiting. As yet, there were no seal. I shifted comfortably where I sprawled. I had been dozing for some time when Gabriel shook me awake.

"Seal!" he said softly.

Up and down water's edge men whistled the signal. There was no shouting. Men quickly hid themselves behind yard long chunks of ice. I edged forward, kneeling beside my companion.

"Now, maybe you see something. You watch. Maybe I shoot him. Maybe you shoot him. Maybe Charlie shoot him," said Gabriel with all the charm of his uncertainty.

The seal swam and dived for the better part of half an hour, but did not come within rifle shot. I experienced increasing impatience and was about to blurt out profanely. Turning to Gabriel, I saw that he remained calm. Eyes sharpened with the anticipation of a possible kill were his only betrayal of feeling. I choked my words back. Maybe, I thought, I'll still see something. Maybe the seal would still swim to within rifle range. Maybe, as Gabriel said, he would shoot it, or maybe, with luck, I would, or, maybe Charlie would. As long as the seal remained out there in front of us there was a possibility of someone bagging it. That possibility, however remote, coupled with the word 'maybe' kept hope alive even though the word itself explained nothing. Maybe: the word became infectious, as I thought of it then, considering the scope it affords in a natural world that is often unwittingly at odds with man the hunter, man the provider. I swung round, looking at Gabriel once more, laughing privately at the train of my thoughts, but unfortunately the man, occupied as he was with the intense game of living, did not share my humour, nor, more unfortunately, do all games have winners. The seal, cavorting before us the past half hour, disappeared and did not reappear. The day wore on, morning passing slowly into mid-day without our sighting another seal. The Indian nearest the canoe built a wood fire upon a burner cut from the end of a gasoline drum so that the fire would not drown in its own melt-water, and waved us in for hot lunch and tea.

As we ate, a curious ritual took place: The Indians talked among themselves, excluding both the old Eskimo and me, nor would they extend the old Eskimo the same courtesies they accorded one another. Food passed among the Indians and to me, but never to the Eskimo. I noticed, too, that the old man boiled tea in his own pail, while we shared a larger pail. If the old man was excluded from the simple ceremony of lunch in the open, it was my place to dip the first cup into the steaming pail, drinking my fill of tea before the Indians would take any for themselves. Strange are the many ways of men, but stranger still was the story I had been told earlier, illustrating the courage of this wiry old man squatting near the fire, sucking tea noisily from a battered tin cup.

On the way home, a stop to boil water in the tea pail and ice the sled runners before continuing the journey.

A number of years earlier, in the month of May, the old Eskimo travelled with sled and companion over rotting inshore ice in search of firewood among the islands. The two men carried no weapons, only axes. As they approached a wooded island the old man spotted a polar bear trying to paw its way from the water. The rotting ice gave way beneath the weight of the bear, creating something of a problem. To finish off the animal while it was still in the water meant losing it. Excited and without thought for his own safety, the old man grabbed one of the axes from the sled and ran to the kill. His companion stayed behind, ready to take flight at the first sign of trouble. As the old Eskimo ran, the rotting ice flexed dangerously beneath him, and he was not at all sure that he would not go through the ice himself.

Quite unexpectedly, the bear reached heavier ice and began pulling himself from the water. This is what the old man wanted. Axe ready, he took quick aim and drove the blade deep into the bear's skull. He struck again and again with all the savageness he could muster. Blood spurted from the bear's wounds, staining ice and snow crimson, but the old man would not stop—indeed, could not stop—until the animal was dead at his feet. Once the sled dogs had dragged the bear to safer ice, the old man cut it open and, reaching inside the steaming entrails for the liver, cut it free. The old man offered the liver to his companion as fit reward for his cowardice. No words passed between the two, but the old Eskimo's intention was plain. The liver of polar bear is the only part of the animal unfit for eating.

The bear, it has been reported, was the largest the old man had seen in all his years of hunting, and because it was far too large for the two men to lift onto their sled, they hacked it into thirds with the axe. Firewood promptly forgotten in the face of greater need, the men loaded one of the pieces on the sled and set off for the settlement, some miles distant, the old Eskimo supremely happy, while his companion was deep in shame. The pair made two more trips before they had the whole of the butchered carcass home.

Recalling the story now, with the old man squatting before me, it seemed incongruous. He did not appear to be made of the stuff of giant killers. Indeed, he seemed downright timid.

The old man continued sucking noisily on his battered tin cup, making much of what little he had—a weathered creature dressed in oversized white man's clothing and beautifully sewn kamiks (skin boots). He straightened himself, belched ingloriously, put the tin cup aside with gravity, and looked at the water and the floes far beyond. There was no way of my knowing what the man was thinking but the Indians seemed to find meaning in his demeanour. They too looked away, following the old man's eyes across the slate coloured sea toward the floes. The great masses of ice had all but disappeared.

After lunch we again took up our station keeping. Because I am short in the ways of patience, before long I was again dozing in the sun. Time passed and again there was a tug at my arm. I quickly scrambled forward to peer beyond the slabs of ice but this time there was no seal. Instead, the men had decided that the wind had risen dangerously and there was a chance of one or more of us being cast adrift.

The dogs were marshalled and their traces fastened by toggle button to a single strong trace attached to the sled's two runners. The canoe was again lashed firmly on the sled by means of the thick thongs of sealskin and once more we were off, homeward bound this time. The steel sled runners, coated with three inches of frozen mud, left two parallel stains upon the ice and snow. Salt from the pools of melting sea ice had dissolved the thin veneer of ice covering the frozen mud, making sticky going for the dogs. The dogs strained against their load but greater speed was not possible. The men called to the dogs, making the same dark threats, but to little avail.

The men sat, as before, along the gunwales of the canoe, striking the same attitudes, expressionless—in repose I suppose you might say. On the face of it, each man had accepted our luckless day. There would always be other days of fine weather, and maybe next time we would have good luck.

Once we left the salt water ice, and had reached the first of many small islands lying off the mainland, we dropped from the canoe and braked the dogs to a stop by dragging our feet. The burner, two tea pails, a battered third pail, and a pot of frozen mud were taken from the canoe. A wood fire was built on the gas drum burner and the three pails, filled with ice, set to melt, and the pot of mud to soften.

When the mud was of the right consistency it was packed and smeared over the cracks in the frozen runners with a piece of cloth. The black mud, freed of plant growth and grit, is taken from a muskeg near the settlement during the early months of fall. Once the mud was frozen it was shaved with a carpenter's plane until smooth. The runners were then iced with a cloth soaked in water from the battered pail to quarter inch thickness.

The inland wind whipped snow from the smooth dome of rock nearby and from the ice. The tip of my nose and cheeks burned with dropping temperature. A coating of rime covered the beard I wore and the ruff of fur enclosing my face. I was cold and moved constantly, standing first near the fire drinking freshly boiled tea then walking swift circles around it.

One of the Indians called to me: "You cold, eh?"

Yes, I was cold and how they could dip their hands into the slush and water of their pail, and then for long minutes mould a new veneer of ice on the sled runners was beyond me. Their hands must have been numb but they accepted it without comment. It occurred to me that these men probably bore the cold much as they bear life, and about as readily as they drop the infernal word maybe.

I had written that 'maybe' explains nothing, but perhaps for these people the word explains everything—a frame of mind, a suspension of will in the face of the whimsies of the world in which they live.

Ask an Indian or Eskimo, as I had earlier in the day, if he will see seal on any given hunt and his answer will be an unfailing maybe. The sighting of seal will depend upon many factors beyond his control: it will depend upon weather, wind and sea current, not to mention the condition of surface water. Making matters still worse, the shooting of a seal, once spotted will likewise depend upon still other factors beyond his control: the steadiness of hand, the squeeze of a trigger at the precise instant the seal's head bobs above wave top, the treatment he had at his wife's hand the night before. And there is more: once the seal has been shot it often escapes him, sinking slowly before he can reach it. Finally, since his livelihood and well-being still depend to a large extent upon the hunting of seal or caribou, in what better way can he approach this incredible business of living save with a maybe?

The canoe was again lashed to the sled and loaded, and the dogs hitched to their traces. The men piled on and we were off with the crack of a whip. We passed from the ice of the bay to the ice of the river. Spruce trees sped past on either side, etched black against the lowering sky. Ahead we could see the first lights of the settlement.

"Maybe next time," Charlie called to me. "You betcha." ◆

The Naskapi

Text by E. S. ROGERS

Drawings by LEE UPDIKE

THE NASKAPI, who spoke a dialect of Cree, part of the Algonkian language family, inhabited northern Quebec and Labrador. Few in number, perhaps never more than 800 to 1,500, they referred to themselves as *Nenenat* or "true men". Their southern neighbours, the Montagnais, referred to them as Naskapi. The history of the Naskapi is clouded in mystery. It is not known for certain when they first permanently settled in northern Quebec and Labrador, but the available evidence suggests that it was in the early 1800s. Previously, it is thought, they spent only a few months each summer and fall within the area seeking caribou and then followed the herds south to the more wooded regions where the hunters and their families spent the winter. But with the establishment of trading posts, such as Fort Chimo in 1830, the Naskapi were encouraged to remain within the country the year round.

Theirs was a barren and rugged land which extended roughly from the coast of Labrador to Hudson Bay, north to Ungava Bay and south to central Quebec. It was a rolling plateau traversed by rivers and streams, dotted here and there with lakes and ponds and rocky areas stripped bare by the Pleistocene ice sheet. The climate was harsh, continental, and arctic in severity. Winter temperatures were exceedingly low. Winds were unbroken

in many parts by the lack of trees, snow covered the land, and the lakes and streams were frozen for many months. Summer, on the other hand, could be quite warm, but often damp because of showers and thunderstorms.

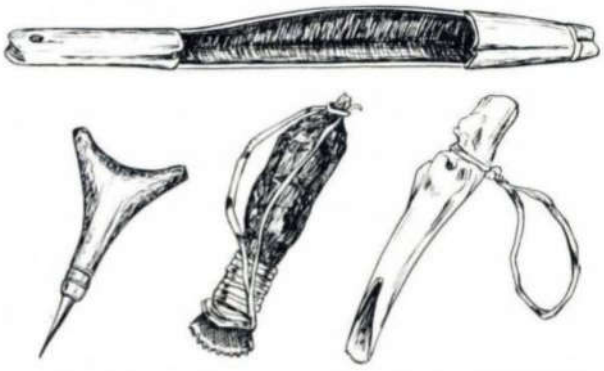
Forests in quantity were found only along the margins of rivers and streams. Elsewhere, it was rocky open woodland with scattered spruce and in some parts aspen, white birch, and shrubby willows and alders. The ground was covered in many areas with lichens, a common variety being "caribou moss", which formerly supported large herds of barren-ground caribou upon which the Naskapi depended for a livelihood. Besides caribou, there occurred in varying numbers bear, beaver, hare, porcupine, otter, mink, wolverine, fox, wolf and smaller species such as ermine, moles, voles, and lemmings. Only during the season of open water was birdlife abundant. Ducks, geese, loons, and songbirds then returned from the south. Ptarmigan were year-round residents. The lakes held a variety of fish: lake trout, whitefish, suckers, pike and ling.

Only by hunting and fishing could the Naskapi exist since agriculture was impossible because of climatic conditions. Caribou were the basis of their existence furnishing them not only with food but hides for clothing and tent covers, bones and antlers for tools and sinew for thread. Other game was taken whenever possible.

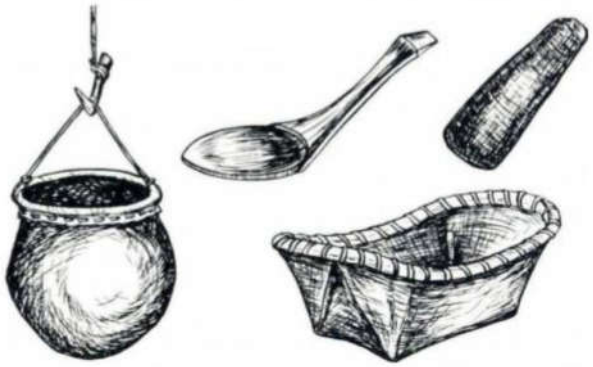
Fall was the time of the great caribou hunt when vast numbers of animals congregated and moved south from the barrens to the protection of the boreal forest. The Naskapi then encamped near those locations, the lower Koksoak River and certain lakes, where the caribou must make a ford. The Indians placed their camps in seclusion and awaited the herds. The hunt was under the direction of the chief. A daily watch was kept from lookouts and, when the advancing herd was spotted, the hunters assembled. Once the lead animals had entered the water and were approaching the opposite shore, the men launched their canoes and paddled into the herd. With a spear, the bowman struck one animal after another, hopefully in the region of the kidneys, the object being to wound the caribou, leaving them only strength enough to reach shore and there expire.

Following the hunt, the carcasses had to be butchered, the hides prepared for clothing, and the meat dried for winter use. Now the women were busy. Once the meat was thoroughly dried, it was pounded fine with a stone or wooden pestle and stored in bags. Melted fat might be added to form pemmican.

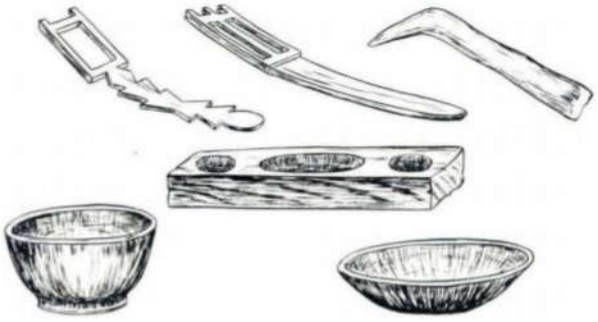
Fall was a period of intense activity if the herds appeared at the expected crossings, but one of anxiety if they did not. When the hunt was successful, the band, consisting of a hundred or more people, could remain together for the better part of the winter without fear of starvation. If the hunt was unsuccessful, then the band had to break up into small parties of fifteen to twenty-five individuals which scattered for the winter in search of whatever food could be found. Then game was killed in



The beamer at top of caribou leg bone is for dehairing hide; wooden awl has bone point; two hide scrapers.

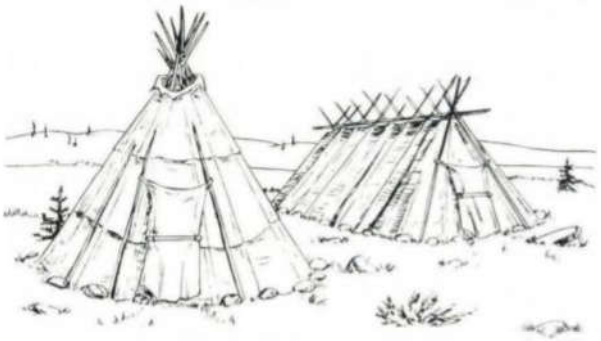


Caribou paunch cooking vessel; wooden ladle, stone pestle for pounding meat; birch-bark container.



Paint sticks for applying paint in line designs to clothing etc.; wooden paint dish and bowls.

Swallow-tail and bear-paw snowshoes used by Naskapi.



Conical and ridgepole types of lodge.

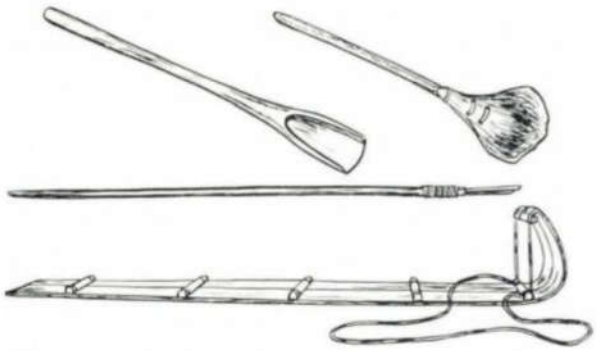
deadfalls, snares and, on occasion, shot with bows and arrows. Fishing was difficult, especially in late winter, when the ice had become very thick. It then took hours to chop holes through the ice to set hooks or nets.

In this cold and inhospitable land, there was need for adequate shelter and clothing, especially in winter. Clothing, made of caribou hides, consisted of coats or parkas, dresses, leggings and moccasins. Two coats, each having the hair left attached were worn in winter, but a single coat without the hair sufficed for summer.

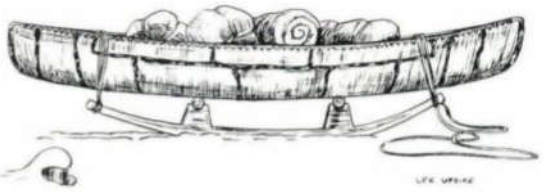
A conical lodge covered with three strips of caribou hide attached shingle-fashion was the principal dwelling. Occasionally, when a number of families encamped together, several might inhabit a ridge-pole lodge, also covered with caribou hides. This type of lodge served not only as a dwelling but also as a place in which to hold feasts and dances.

During the winter, mobility was facilitated by means of snowshoes and toboggans. Snowshoes were of several varieties, the beaver-tail, bear-paw, swallow-tail and elbow. The men made the frames; the women laced them with caribou thongs. For moving supplies from one camp site to another, the Naskapi used toboggans, twelve to fourteen feet long, but only inches wide. These travelled readily over the snow conforming to the inequalities in the surface and passed easily between trees.

Hunting, of paramount importance to the Naskapi, especially during the fall and winter, was surrounded by much ritual. To ensure success, the game animals must be treated with the proper respect. It was believed that the



Above the toboggan is an ice pick, a wooden snow shovel, and ice scoop of wood and antler.



Loaded canoe sled.

caribou herds were ruled over by a giant caribou who lived to the east in a large cave in the mountains. If the slaughtered caribou were not treated in special ways, the overlord would no longer release the herds, and then the Naskapi would starve.

Although the belief system of the Naskapi was elaborate and the rituals faithfully performed, the religious equipment employed was quite limited. The most important item was the drum. It was beaten and hunting songs sung by the older men to commune with the spirits who had answers to the future. By this means, the Naskapi were able to determine how to act. Finally, through dreams the Naskapi secured help from the spirits and knowledge of the future. Divination and ritual were as important to them in hunting as their spears and bows and arrows.

With the advent of spring, life became easier. Trout fishing with set lines placed through holes in the ice became important. Trout were prized because they were rich in fat, a most necessary ingredient in the diet. Beaver although far from common in the area were occasionally caught. For this, the Naskapi sometimes used a special hand-operated net. Then, as soon as open water appeared, waterfowl and caribou returned. The Naskapi were now assured of existence for another season.

Spring travel, because of the slush and melt water, was difficult. Toboggans were impractical since the loads became soaked. To avoid this, the Naskapi used a canoe-sled, two runners with a raised platform on which to place the goods. Canoes were also transported with this vehicle. During this period, snowshoes were still necessary in spite of snow conditions.

At this time of year, the Naskapi lived in small groups of several families each. The family was a basic social unit, a strongly knit unit which tended to be economically and politically autonomous. As a rule, each man had but a single wife, although an occasional man had several. Despite the family tendency to be autonomous, several would gather together for companionship, religious performances, arrangement of marriages, and the needed number of men to co-operate in the fall caribou hunt.

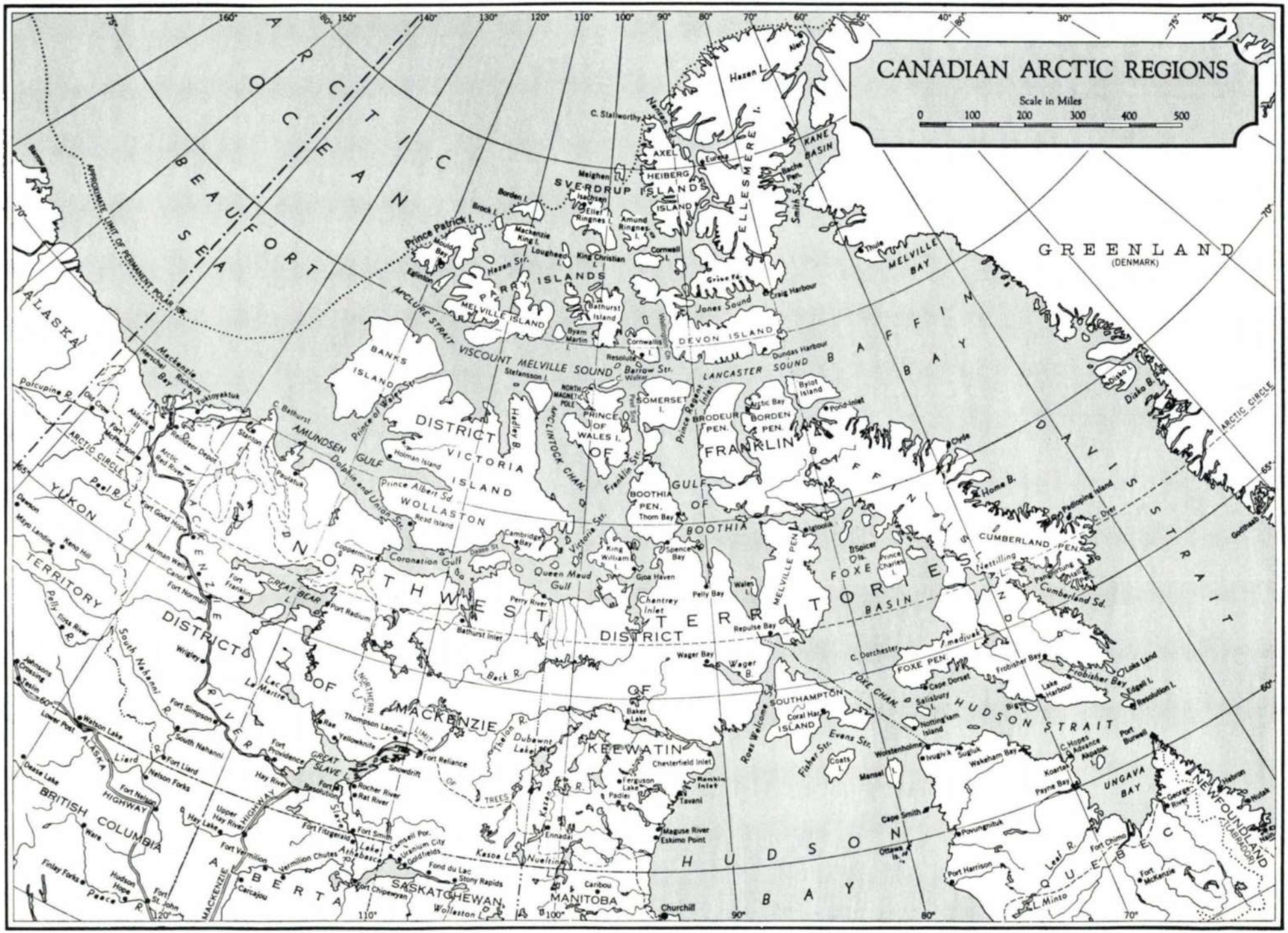
As summer approached, the family groups began to move toward the summer rendezvous which, after the arrival of the traders, was the post. As soon as the ice had gone from the rivers and lakes, the Naskapi travelled by birch-bark canoe, a means much easier and faster than by snowshoes and toboggans. Birch bark with which to cover the canoes frequently had to be imported, since the trees in the area were of such small size.

Gathered round the fire in a lodge, Naskapi drum for game.

During the summer, all the members of the band assembled at one place. Here life was easier than it had been all winter. The days were warm and food could usually be easily secured. Small game was available and fish could be taken in gill-nets, a device which may have first been acquired from Europeans. There was time to relax and forget the ordeal of winter, time to converse with neighbours, hold feasts and dances and perform the shaking tent rite. By means of the latter the future could be divined, or lost articles and missing friends who may have vanished during the long winter, located. The Naskapi now had time to play various games, one of which was the button game, a European import. Others were games of skill such as the cup and pin game.

Today, the Naskapi are no longer "hunters of caribou" surviving where few men could. The caribou no longer migrate in vast herds north and south each year through the country. Few remain, insufficient in numbers to support the Naskapi. Most Naskapi have moved south to Schefferville, Quebec, where they have settled near the iron mines. A few still reside at Davis Inlet on the Labrador Coast. Others have moved even farther south to seek a new way of life in a world drastically different from the one they and their ancestors knew. ◆

Cup and pin game; wooden fish hook with bone point; crooked knife; wooden comb with comb cleaner of porcupine tail attached to the case.


CANADIAN ARCTIC REGIONS
Scale in Miles
0 100 200 300 400 500
ARCTIC OCEAN
BEAUFORT SEA
APPROXIMATE LIMIT OF PERMANENT POLAR ICE
GREENLAND
(DENMARK)
ALASKA
YUKON TERRITORY
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
DISTRICT OF MACKENZIE
DISTRICT OF KEEWATIN
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
QUEBEC
NEWFOUNDLAND (LABRADOR)
BANKS ISLAND
VICTORIA ISLAND
PRINCE OF WALES I.
SOMERSET I.
MELVILLE ISLAND
PRINCE PATRICK I.
BATHURST ISLAND
DEVON ISLAND
AXEL HEIBERG ISLAND
SVERDRUP ISLANDS
ELLESMERE I.
BOOTHIA PEN.
BORDEN PEN.
BRODEUR PEN.
FOXE PEN.
FOXE BASIN
FOXE CHAN.
SOUTHAMPTON ISLAND
COATS I.
MANSEL I.
BAFFIN BAY
DAVIS STRAIT
HUDSON STRAIT
HUDSON BAY
FRANKLIN
GULF OF BOOTHIA
AMUNDSEN GULF
DOLPHIN AND UNION STR.
PRINCE ALBERT SD.
QUEEN MAUD GULF
CORONATION GULF
DEASE ST.
VICTORIA STR.
FRANKLIN STR.
PRINCE REGENT INLET
LANCASTER SOUND
JONES SOUND
NARES STR.
HAZEN STR.
M'CLURE STRAIT
VISCOUNT MELVILLE SOUND
PRINCE OF WALES STR.
BARROW STR.
WILKINS STR.
NORTH MAGNETIC POLE
KANE BASIN
SMITH SD.
NARES L.
MELVILLE BAY
CUMBERLAND PEN.
CUMBERLAND SD.
FROBISHER BAY
LAKE HARBOUR
CAPE DORSET
BAKER LAKE
CHESTERFIELD INLET
RANKIN INLET
WAGER BAY
REPULSE BAY
CHANTREY INLET
PELLY BAY
GJOA HAVEN
SPENCER BAY
KING WILLIAM I.
VICTORIA STR.
CAMBRIDGE BAY
READ ISLAND
WOLLASTON
HOLMAN ISLAND
PAULATUK
STANTON
BATHURST INLET
PERRY RIVER
CAMBRIDGE BAY
COPPERMINE
NORMAN WELLS
FORT NORMAN
FORT FRANKLIN
FORT RADIUM
GREAT BEAR L.
GREAT SLAVE L.
FORT RELIANCE
SNOWDRIFT
YELLOWKNIFE
RAE
THOMPSON LANDING
LAC LA MARTRE
WRIGLEY
FORT SIMPSON
SOUTH NAHANNI R.
LIARD R.
FORT LIARD
NELSON FORKS
FORT NELSON
HIGHWAY
WATSON LAKE
LOWER POST
DEASE LAKE
TESLIN
JOHNSONS CROSSING
PELLY R.
FOX R.
MACKENZIE R.
PEEL R.
ARCTIC RED R.
ARCTIC CIRCLE
FORT GOOD HOPE
MAYO LANDING
KENO HILL
DAWSON
PORCUPINE R.
OLD CROW
FORT MACPHERSON
ARCTIC RED RIVER
REINDEER DEPOT
RICHARDS I.
TUKTOYAKTUK
MACKENZIE BAY
HERSCHEL I.
BARROW
BEAUFORT SEA
MOULD BAY
BORDEN I.
BROCK I.
MACKENZIE KING I.
LOUGHEED I.
KING CHRISTIAN I.
EGLINTON
BYAM MARTIN I.
CORNWALLIS I.
RESOLUTE
GRISE FD.
CRAIG HARBOUR
THULE
ALERT
EUREKA
HAZEN L.
C. STALLWORTHY
MEIGHEN I.
ISACHSEN
EIELSON
RINGNES
AMUND RINGNES I.
CORNWALL I.
BYLOT ISLAND
ARCTIC BAY
POND INLET
DYER B.
DUKE B.
CYRUS I.
HOME B.
PANGNIRTUNG
PANGNIRTUNG ISLAND
C. DYER
GOOTHAAB
PRINCE CHARLES I.
NETTILLING L.
DYER DIS.
SPICER DIS.
GLOUCESTER
THOM BAY
PELLY BAY
WALES I.
KING WILLIAM I.
PERRY RIVER
BATHURST INLET
REPULSE BAY
WAGER B.
C. DORCHESTER
SALISBURY I.
NOTTINGHAM ISLAND
CAPE DORSET
FROBISHER BAY
LAKE HARBOUR
BIG L.
EDGELL I.
RESOLUTION I.
LAKES LAND
ROSS WELCOME
CORAL HARBOUR
WOSTENHOLME
IVUJIVIK
SUGLUK
WAKEHAM BAY
C. HOPES ADVANCE
AKPATOK
KOARTAC
PAYNE BAY
PORT BURWELL
UNGAVA BAY
GEORGE R.
LEBRADOR
NUTAK
CAPE SMITH
POVUNGNITUK
PORT HARRISON
LEAF R.
FORT CHIMO
FORT MCKENZIE
L. MINTO
CHURCHILL
CARIBOU
WOLLASTON L.
STONY RAPIDS
FOND DU LAC
CAMSELL POR.
URANIUM CITY
GOLDFIELDS
FORT CHIPEWYAN
LAKE ATHABASCA
VERMILION CHUTES
FORT VERMILION
CARCAJOU
FORT SMITH
FORT RESOLUTION
RATTLE R.
ROCHER RIVER
RAT RIVER
HAY RIVER
UPPER HAY RIVER
HAY LAKE
FORT ST. JOHN
HUDSON HOPE
PEACE R.
FINLAY FORKS
WARE
TREES
LIMIT
NORTHERN
SLAVE R.
TAYLOR R.
DUBAWNT L.
KASBA L.
NUELTIN L.
ENNADAI
MAGUSE RIVER
ESKIMO POINT
TAVANI
PADLEI
FERGUSON LAKE
CHESTERFIELD INLET
BAKER LAKE
BACK R.
THELON R.
KAZAN R.
ITHACA
OTTAWA IS.
C. HOPES ADVANCE
AKPATOK
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GEORGE R.
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KAZAN R.
ITHACA
OTTAWA IS.

The Sponsors of Canadian Arctic Exploration

BY JOHN E. CASWELL

PART IV - 1844-1859

THE FRANKLIN SEARCH AND RAE'S SURVEYS

"On Tuesday the 27th April, 1824, we dined at the Franklins', which we considered a mark of great attention as it was to meet Captn Parry," wrote Jane Griffin, a pretty and witty young Londoner. "Captn. Parry was in the room when we arrived—he is a tall large, fine looking man, of commanding appearance, but possessing nothing of the fine gentleman . . . his figure is rather slouching, his face full & round, his hair dark & rather curling. Captain G. F. Lyon was the next object of interest—he is a young man about 30, of good height, & gentlemanly-looking—he has large soft grey eyes, heavy eyelids & good teeth, & is altogether very pleasing." Captain Frederick W. Beechey she found to be a silent, "prim looking little man". At the head of the table was the Second Secretary of the Admiralty, John Barrow, now approaching the midpoint of his four decades of service in that post—"he is said to be humourous & obstinate & exhibited both propensities".

Jane was evidently the belle of the occasion. "I was handed down into the Dining room by Captn Parry, but on letting go his arm as we entered the room, I was desired by Captn Franklin to sit by him." Looking across the table, Jane's sister Fanny remarked to Captain Parry that Captain Franklin had a fine head. "Yes, indeed," Parry agreed, "it is the finest I know. Inside, as well as out." He held Franklin in the highest respect and confidence.

Some weeks later Jane and Fanny dined at the D'Israelis. Captain Franklin was among the guests and paid special attention to the Griffin sisters. "As soon as Captn Franklin saw Fanny & me, he gave us each an arm, & seemed to have us under his protection the greater part of the evening, which surely must have made us objects of envy." Dr John Richardson, who had been Franklin's lieutenant on the Mackenzie River in 1819-22, was there with his wife. Of him Jane wrote, he "looks like a Scotchman as he is—he has broad & high cheek bones, a widish mouth, grey eyes & brown hair—upon the whole rather plain, but the countenance thoughtful, mild & pleasing".

Shortly afterward, Franklin and Richardson set out on their expedition of 1825-6 (see Part III of this series). Two years after his return, Franklin, now a widower, was married to Jane Griffin. The next year he received his knighthood, and Jane became Lady Franklin. During the 1840s and '50s she was to play a leading role in the sponsorship of arctic expeditions.

After a Mediterranean command, Sir John was appointed lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). There his colonial secretary intrigued against him, Lady Franklin's presumed influence in the government being one of the chief charges brought against Franklin. He was summarily dismissed by the Colonial Office and returned home in 1843 smarting under the treatment he had received.

On the Franklins return to London they found another arctic expedition under discussion. In 1838 James Clark Ross had recommended to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society a renewed attempt to find a Northwest Passage by Parry's old route through Lancaster Sound. Southwest of Cape Walker there was a great void on the charts. Ross felt that a route could be found through this area with Banks Land protecting the vessels from the icefields of the Beaufort Sea. Said Ross, the vessels were available; many experienced officers were eager for the enterprise; and Russia, now outfitting an expedition, might yet forestall Britain in discovering the Northwest Passage. The Council "at once and unanimously" agreed to forward the proposal to H.M. Government.

The Admiralty, instead, sent Ross on his famous magnetic survey of the Antarctic regions. He returned to England only in September 1843. About that time Beechey proposed a voyage towards the North Pole using vessels equipped with the new screw propellers. Others, including Barrow, Parry, Beaufort and Sabine, countered with Ross's plan of 1838. In December 1844 Barrow proposed it formally to the Admiralty, which referred the plan to the Royal Society for a recommendation. The Royal Society gave it a rather perfunctory blessing.

The plan was now submitted to an Admiralty Committee composed of Franklin, Parry, and James Clark Ross. They endorsed the plan and added various suggestions, including Beechey's recommendation of steam engines. The Admiralty gave its endorsement and forwarded the proposal to the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, who granted final approval.

Next came the problem of selecting a commander from a group of distinguished, albeit aging, arctic officers. James Clark Ross was approached but refused, for on his recent marriage he had agreed to undertake no more Arctic expeditions. Franklin, however, was looking for an active duty assignment on which he might redeem his reputation.

Lady Franklin's pride had perhaps been more deeply wounded by events in Van Diemen's Land than had her husband's. When he had accepted the post she had written him, "It is possible on your return from your present service that you may have two or three years to wait before you succeed in getting another ship, but why not strive during that interval to resume your chieftainship in your own peculiar department, and if you did so, and came back as usual with an increase of credit and of fame, surely a ship when you liked to ask for it would be the least, and a natural reward for your services".

To Sir James Ross, Lady Franklin now wrote: "I dread exceedingly the effect on his mind of being without honorable & immediate employment & it is this which enables me to support the idea of parting with him on a service of difficulty and danger better than I otherwise should." As Franklin was fifty-nine when he set forth on his tragic venture, one may well speculate as to whether this statement was not a projection of her own motives rather than a reflection of her husband's. Suffice it to say, Franklin was appointed by the Admiralty to command the expedition.

The expedition was made ready and sailed on 19 May 1845. With an experienced if elderly senior officer, emergency steam power, supplies aboard that could be rationed to cover four years, and guns to extend the rations with game, success seemed assured. The only dissenting voice was that of Dr Richard King, who had been with Back on the Coppermine. He reportedly told Barrow that he was sending Franklin "to form the nucleus of an iceberg". King pointed out how easily ships were trapped by Arctic ice and felt that a supporting overland expedition was needed.

Sir John Franklin.

Lady Franklin.

H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror* with 168 officers and men aboard were last seen headed toward Lancaster Sound by the whaler *Prince of Wales* on 26 July 1845. In 1854 some relics and stories were obtained from Eskimos; in 1859 some skeletons and relics were found, with a single document. Since then still more bones and identifiable artifacts have been discovered, but debate still continues as to the circumstances surrounding their fate.

The impulse for the expedition had clearly originated within the tight little circle of experienced arctic naval officers that clustered around Sir John Barrow and constituted a force within the Royal Geographical Society (founded 1830). Barrow was a charter member and was at the time on the Councils of both the R.G.S. and the Royal Society, as well as being a senior civil servant at the Admiralty. From this clique Captain John Ross and Dr Richard King were conspicuously excluded.

In the 1840s commercial interest in China may well have been the primary factor in the Government's approval of the expedition, but this is speculative. There were good reasons for a naval, rather than a land expedition. Franklin and Back had run into grave difficulties in their expeditions on the Coppermine and Great Fish rivers. Although Dease and Simpson had been more successful in their survey of the coast, the ability of ships to find a feasible channel was the true test of a Passage. Further, a ship favoured with open water and a fair breeze could sail as far in two hours as an overland expedition could go in a day, and a vessel could remain in the field three or four years.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY SENDS OUT DR RAE

While naval officers at the Geographical Society and Admiralty were planning for a new assault on the Northwest Passage, the Hudson's Bay Company was making its own arrangements to finish the survey of the arctic coast so nearly completed in the preceding decade by Dease and Simpson.

The initiative the Company now displayed was in contrast to its laggard attitude of the eighteenth century. Possibly one factor in the situation was that rivals might seek to enter the field if others found a sea passage to the north. A desire to avoid requests to succour ill-manned government expeditions may well have played a part. And a very general interest in exploration, whether of the Arctic, Africa or Asia, created a favourable climate of opinion for such enterprises.

The leader chosen for the expedition was Dr John Rae, an Edinburgh medical graduate who had served the Company around Moose Factory since 1833. On 11 May 1844 the Governor of Rupert's Land, George Simpson, wrote to Rae: "An idea has entered my mind that you are one of the fittest men in the country to conduct an Expedition for the purpose of completing the Survey of the Northern Coast that remains untraced, say between the Straits of the Fury & Hecla [between Baffin Island and Melville Peninsula] & the Gulf of Boothia from which Dease & Simpson returned."

In July Simpson wrote in a tone of urgency, "The Govr. & Com: you are aware, are very anxious that the discovery of the Northern Shores of this continent . . . should be completed by the Hudsons Bay Company . . ." Preparations should be made for the 1845 season, and Rae should go at once to the Red River Settlement to acquire what knowledge of astronomy and natural history he could in preparation for his journey.

Events conspired to delay Rae's departure. A year later, in July 1845, Simpson transmitted to Rae a resolution of the Northern Council, setting 1846 for the expedition. Finally, on 15 June 1846 Simpson wrote out Rae's final orders. Rae was to go north from Churchill, and survey what was believed to be a deep bay (Committee Bay, the southern part of the Gulf of Boothia) until he joined Dease's and Simpson's survey.

Simpson closed with a word of inspiration. "The eyes of all, who take an interest in the subject, are fixed on the Hudsons Bay Company; from us the world expects the final settlement of the question that has occupied the attention of our country for two hundred years; and your safe and triumphant return, which may God in his mercy grant, will, I trust, speedily compensate the Hudsons Bay Company for its repeated sacrifices and its protracted anxieties."

Rae and his party left Churchill on 5 July 1846 in two small boats. From the head of Repulse Bay they hauled and rowed one boat across the isthmus, only to find ice conditions too bad for exploration of the coast. Returning to Repulse Bay, the party built of stones a fourteen-foot by twenty-foot house for the winter. A hundred and sixty-two caribou were shot which with partridges and salmon stocked the larder.

Regaining the west coast of Melville Peninsula in April 1847, Rae first travelled northwest. He confirmed Captain John Ross's belief that Boothia was a peninsula but failed to go far enough north to discover Bellot Strait between Boothia and Somerset Island. Although falling short of linking his survey with that of Dease and Simpson, he had demonstrated that no Passage existed south of the 68th parallel. Returning to Repulse Bay, Rae set out again a week later with five men, on foot, to trace the west shore of Melville Peninsula and linked his survey with that of Parry a little south of Fury and Hecla Strait. Rae then returned to Hudson Bay and sailed to England. A year later he was back on the trail under the command of Dr John Richardson, seeking to bring aid to the Franklin Expedition.

Dr John Rae.

THE FRANKLIN SEARCH EXPEDITIONS 1848-51

When Franklin sailed for the Arctic in 1845, the only provision for his relief was the Admiralty's request that the Hudson's Bay Company be prepared to furnish emergency supplies and equipment for Franklin's party at their northernmost posts. Rather than sending foodstuffs, the Company ordered fishing tackle forwarded to stations on the Mackenzie River and Great Slave Lake. The Admiralty asked further that the Eskimos be alerted to watch for Franklin's party in the vicinity of the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers.

By the autumn of 1846 Franklin's expedition had been out for two summers and no word had come of its reaching the Pacific Ocean. Beechey, King, and others raised their voices proposing relief expeditions. Old Captain John Ross told the Admiralty he had promised Franklin to go to his relief if nothing were heard of the expedition by the following January. The Admiralty queried other friends of Franklin and decided that he had not expected a rescue expedition led by Ross or anyone else. Ross's proposal was rejected.

1847 SEASON

In late February 1847 the Admiralty asked for the opinions of Parry, Sir James Ross, Colonel Sabine, and Sir John Richardson. Parry and Richardson agreed that there was no immediate cause for alarm but made two suggestions: first, that a reward be offered to whalers for assistance to or information from Franklin; second, that an expedition be sent to the arctic coast and adjacent islands, using the Hudson's Bay Company's facilities.

Richardson, in his response, foresaw the possibility of the Franklin ships having been crushed southwest of Cape Walker and the crews making for the continent. He did not believe that the Hudson's Bay Company had facilities for making inquiries along the north coast, so he recommended that four light, strong boats be built and sent to the Mackenzie in the summer of 1847 so that a search could be begun in 1848. When consulted regarding Richardson's proposal, Sir George Simpson replied, "After a very attentive examination . . . I cannot suggest any amendment to Sir John Richardson's plan". Richardson, although about 65, volunteered his services as leader and was accepted.

Ross wrote, saying that Franklin and Crozier had considered his uncle's proposal absurd. He felt ships should be sent out on Franklin's route and extra supplies should be sent to the Hudson's Bay Company's northern posts, as Franklin's crews would certainly make for them if the ships were unable to proceed.

Sabine, for one, felt that supplies for Franklin should be sent to both Bering Strait and Baffin Bay, although he believed Bering Strait to be "the most sure point for falling in with him".

Of Lady Franklin's activities in 1847 on behalf of her husband we know little, for she seems to have kept no journal of it. As she spent the months from April to August in Italy, only in the autumn could she have begun seeking advice and assistance from her many friends and acquaintances.

1848 SEASON

By 1848 Lady Franklin was busy trying to stimulate action and get the ponderous wheels of government turning. From that time on she spent her own and Sir John's money unstintingly, sought donations, procured vessels and able masters to sail them, spurred the Admiralty, and kept on after every reasonable hope had died, in an effort to learn what had happened to her husband and his gallant crews and to establish his discovery of the Northwest Passage. As she had urged him to take such a command, she may well have felt guilty of sending him to his doom, and thus sought to bridle the demon that drove her on.

The Admiralty failed to offer rewards to the whaling fleet for information or assistance to Franklin during the 1847 season. Only in March 1848 did the Admiralty request the commissioners of customs to advise whaling captains that a hundred guineas and upwards would be paid for accurate information regarding the Franklin Expedition.

In late 1847 the Admiralty had drawn up a three-pronged plan combining the recommendations of Ross, Sabine, and Richardson. Sir James himself took H.M. Ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator* to Lancaster Sound on Franklin's track. His second-in-command was to search the waters southwest of Cape Walker while Ross sailed to Melville Island. Lieutenant Thomas E. L. Moore was sent in the tiny H.M.S. *Plover* to Bering Strait with instructions to put himself under the command of Captain Henry Kellett in H.M.S. *Herald*. Richardson set forth with Rae, descended the Mackenzie, left caches of food along the coast, and returned via the Coppermine.

On 1 November 1847 Lord Auckland had written Lady Franklin telling her of the plans for the 1848 season. Later she visited Sir John Barrow, who seemed mortified that the expedition he had helped to plan had not returned. To her surprise, although he was still Second Secretary, he did not seem aware of the decisions reported in Auckland's letter. No longer was Barrow a moving force in arctic matters. Shortly after that he retired and died a few months later.

Richardson, Kellett and Moore carried out their portions of the plan substantially as given. Ross got no farther than Prince Regent Inlet where he was frozen in for the winter, and no party was sent to explore the critical area southwest of Cape Walker. Richardson and Ross were both back in London in November 1849 with nothing to report.

In 1848 Lady Franklin found that there was no plan for exploring Wellington Channel, Franklin's first alternative route. She sought vainly to have Ross's support

vessel *North Star* ordered to touch at the headlands of the Channel to look for messages. She asked the Admiralty if she could not be supplied with two dockyard lighters at the least, so that she might send them out at her own expense. And within a few days of the time that the Admiralty offered a hundred pounds and upward for word of or assistance to Franklin's vessels, Lady Franklin offered a thousand pounds to any whaling ship which should "depart so far from the usual fishing grounds as to explore Prince Regent Inlet, Admiralty Inlet, Jones Sound or Smith Sound, provided such ship, finding the above expedition in distress, shall communicate with, and afford it effectual relief". A second thousand pounds was offered for extraordinary effort and, if necessary, conveying the party home.

1849 SEASON

The decision whether or not to continue exploration on the arctic coast during 1849 was in Richardson's hands. Only one boat was in good order, and supplies were scant. Rae had proved himself vigorous, able, and a good hunter. Richardson wisely left the field to the younger man and betook himself home. In the spring Rae descended the Coppermine, but ice conditions foiled his attempt to cross Dolphin and Union Strait. Returning south, he wintered at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, where he was joined by Lieutenant William J. S. Pullen with a boat party from the *Plover*.

In early 1849 the Admiralty raised to twenty thousand pounds the reward for bringing relief to Franklin. Finding that the reward had been announced too late for the British whalers, Lady Franklin wrote to the President of the United States asking that American whalers be notified of the reward. Later Lady Franklin appealed for direct aid from the United States Government. Henry Grinnell, a whale oil merchant and president of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, stepped forward with the offer of two small schooners for which the Navy Department provided crews and supplies during the summer of 1850.

1850 SEASON

By 1850 Franklin had been in the field for five years, and even the most obtuse could realize that the chance of rescuing the expedition was becoming slim indeed. Public opinion was by now deeply stirred; a wide variety of suggestions poured into the newspapers and the Admiralty; the Royal Society urged the wisdom of a search. Within the Admiralty the Hydrographer, Rear Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, and the new Second Secretary, Captain W. A. B. Hamilton, were called on for reports. Opinions as to the course to be pursued were obtained from Parry, Back, Beechey, Richardson, and Sabine.

A new three-pronged approach was planned. Rae should continue his explorations from the northern coast of the continent. While the *Plover* remained on the arctic coast, Captain Richard Collinson in H.M.S. *Enterprise* and Captain Robert McClure in H.M.S. *Investigator* were dispatched as promptly as possible to Bering Strait so that they might sail northeastward into the archipelago.

After Collinson and McClure had set forth on their mission the Admiralty put Captain Horatio Austin in charge of a squadron of two sailing vessels, H.M.S. *Assistance* and *Resolute*, and two small steamers which could work close inshore, H.M.S. *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*.

Lady Franklin, meanwhile, had sought and obtained the services of an experienced whaling captain, William Penny. Failing to secure a whaler for him privately, Lady Franklin turned to Government, and got two sailing vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*. Penny was instructed to go first to Jones Sound, if possible continuing thence to Wellington Channel and Melville Sound. These instructions did not satisfy Lady Franklin. Although previously concerned to search Wellington Channel, Lady Franklin now realized that Ross had *not* followed the first route prescribed in Franklin's orders and that the official 1850 expeditions had been directed to beat around the crucial area between King William's Land and Boothia. If Franklin's crews had abandoned their ships, she felt that they would have crossed this area on their way to Fury Beach and Prince Regent Inlet rather than struggling back to Cape Walker or making for the Hudson's Bay Company posts, "a course," said she, "of which Sir John must well know all the dangers and difficulties".

To assure that a vessel would be designated specifically to search the Boothia area, Lady Franklin contributed £2,100 and raised £1,600 by public subscription to obtain the *Prince Albert*, a "small but fine vessel . . . a very swift sailer, well strengthened". The command was given to Captain Charles C. Forsyth, whom the Franklins had known in Van Diemen's Land. She directed Forsyth to enter Prince Regent Inlet, cross North Somerset at its narrowest point, and then continue southward from the point Ross had reached.

The late summer of 1850 found seven British and two American vessels in Lancaster Sound. At the entrance to Wellington Channel camp litters and graves were discovered, evidence that Franklin had wintered there in 1845-6. Diligent search failed to reveal any messages giving information regarding Franklin's progress or his future intentions. Forsyth, kept from entering Prince Regent Inlet, was sent back to England with word of the discovery. In mid-October the channel froze over, trapping the eight ships.

1851 SEASON

The summer of 1851 found the American schooners *Advance* and *Rescue* under Lieutenant Edwin J. De Haven borne south in pack ice through Baffin Bay; by the time they were released it was too late to regain Lancaster Sound. The British vessels remained in Lancaster Sound and continued the search through the summer.

On the other side of the archipelago, McClure, against orders, had parted company with his commanding officer and made a dash for Bering Strait in late 1850. Turning northeast, he entered Prince of Wales Strait between Banks and Victoria Islands, where he was frozen in for the winter. In 1851 he extricated himself and at great peril sailed along the west side of Banks Island, turned east and found refuge in a harbour he named the Bay of God's Mercy. Meanwhile, Collinson entered Prince of Wales Strait, spent the winter of 1851-52 there, and eventually escaped, reaching England in late 1854. McClure's vessel was hopelessly entrapped. His crew was extricated by walking across most of the archipelago and joining Captain Belcher's forces.

Although eight vessels were somewhere in the Arctic in the spring of 1851, Lady Franklin found an additional £1,000 to send the *Prince Albert* out again. A sturdy part-Indian Canadian, William Kennedy, was captain, with Joseph René Bellot, a youthful French naval officer, as second in command. Entering Prince Regent Inlet, Kennedy wintered there, exploring afoot in the spring of 1852. One significant discovery was made: Bellot Strait. Kennedy, like his predecessors, had failed to push southward far enough to discover the fate of the expedition.

Still another area remained to be searched: the northern coast of Siberia. Lieutenant Bedford Clapperton Pim volunteered to go by land. At the request of the president of the Royal Geographical Society, the Prime Minister furnished £200, Lady Franklin found £300, and Pim set off to Saint Petersburg. Unable to obtain permission for the search, Pim returned to London and refunded Lady Franklin's money.

A second effort to reach Siberia, by screw steamer, was proposed by Captain D. Beatson. With Lady Franklin's assistance, Beatson selected a schooner, the *Isabel*, had 24 h.p. engines installed, and set out around the Horn. Beatson's plans miscarried and the yacht was later turned over to Commander Edward A. Inglefield who used it to search the northern and western shores of Baffin Bay.

THE LAST ADMIRALTY SEARCH 1852-54

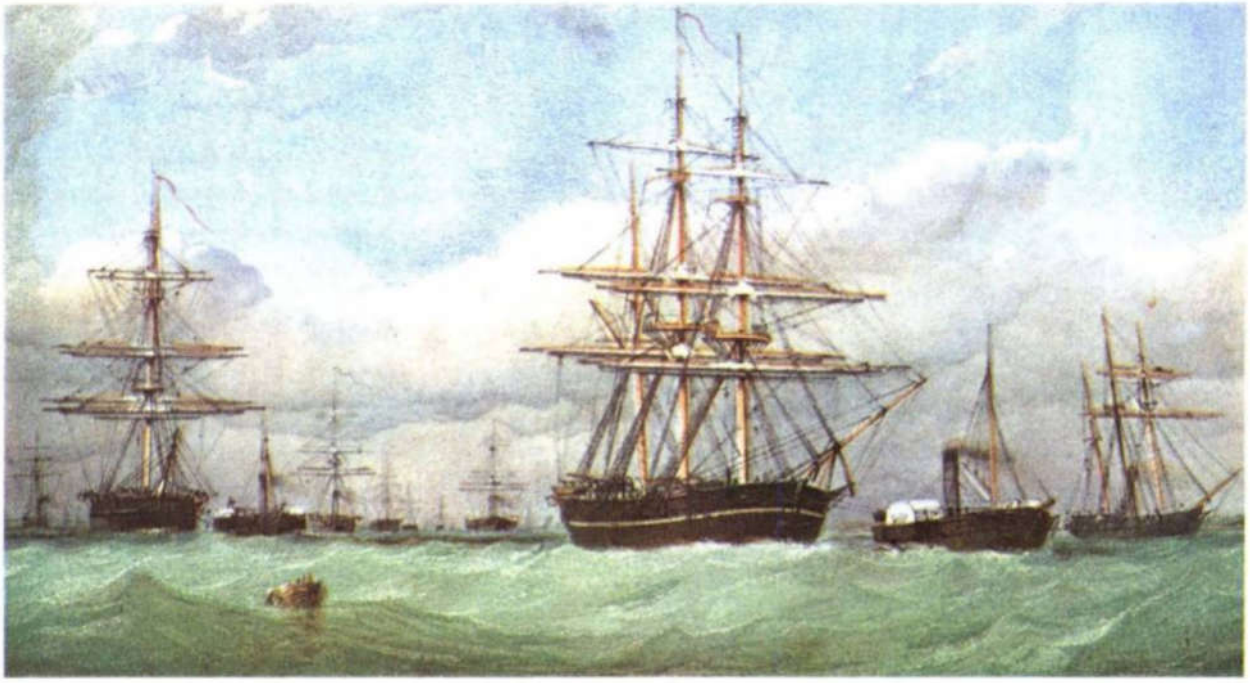
For the 1852 season Captain Austin was replaced by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who had passed through Bering Strait with Beechey in 1825-26. He was given Austin's two sailing vessels and two small steamers. Captain Kellett was second in command, while Pullen, now a captain, was given the supply vessel *North Star*.

Kellett was given the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* to take to Melville Island as a base for sledging parties. Belcher, with the *Assistance* and *Pioneer*, ascended Wellington Channel but found no trace of Franklin's vessels.

On 30 May 1853 a single vessel, the *Advance*, left New York, bound for Smith Sound. Her commander, Dr Elisha Kent Kane, had been with De Haven in 1850-51. He now proposed to explore an area not otherwise covered. Henry Grinnell again was the principal sponsor; funds were raised by private subscription and the U.S. Government provided some equipment.

The Arctic Council of 1851, painted by Stephen Pearce, discussing the plan of search for Franklin. Seated are Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, centre, and Beechey, the others being (l. to r.) Back, Parry, Bird, James Clark Ross, Barrow, Sabine, Baillie Hamilton; the portraits depict Franklin, Fitzjames, and Sir John Barrow.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY



The Arctic Squadron, under command of Sir Edward Belcher, leaving the mouth of the Thames in April 1852. The vessels shown (l. to r.) are the steam-tender "Intrepid", "Resolute" (Capt. Kellett) towed by "Monkey", "Desperate" reserve war-steamer escort, "North Star" (Cmdr Pullen), steam-tug "Lightning", "Basilisk" another war-steamer escort, "Assistance" (Capt. Belcher) towed by "African", and steam-tender "Pioneer".

Belcher was unable to free his ships in 1853. The next year, when the ice broke up, he stubbornly ignored the advice of experienced ice masters and took the leeward east side of the channel. The ice bore down on him, and he was trapped again. Meanwhile Belcher had already sent word to Kellett to abandon his icebound vessels and, with McClure's crew, join him at Wellington Channel. There, at Beechey Island, the five crews were put aboard other vessels and reached England safely late in 1854.

In January 1854, while these expeditions were still in the field, the Admiralty had notified Lady Franklin that the names of the Franklin Expedition's officers and men would be listed as dead on 31 March in order to clear accounts. On 24 February she responded in a long and vigorous letter, dramatizing her belief in their survival by exchanging her long-worn widow's black for bright greens and pinks.

Lady Franklin advanced four reasons to the Admiralty for believing in her husband's survival: (1) no sign of a wreck or disaster had been found; (2) no search had been made of the area north of the line marked by North Devon, Cornwallis and Melville Islands; (3) many, including McClure's men, had survived four years in the Arctic and could well have lasted longer; (4) the provisions Franklin was known to have could have been stretched to seven years, and hunting might have provided more.

The conclusions of Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Osborn of Austin's expedition that Franklin had not passed by Cape Walker and down Peel Sound, indeed that there was no navigable channel, Lady Franklin now accepted. But there was evidence that Franklin's men had explored the east coast of Wellington Channel. Now Sir Edward Belcher "had verified the existence of the open sea to the north and north-west of Wellington Channel in the summer of 1853". Commander McClintock had been dispatched to the northwest of Melville Island, and yet, with Belcher and McClintock still in the field, the Admiralty had seen fit to pronounce Franklin and his crews dead, for the sake of clearing accounts! "My Lords, I cannot but feel that there will be a stain on the page of the Naval Annals of England when these two events, the discovery of the Northwest Passage [by McClure, of which word had already reached England], and the abandonment of Franklin and his companions, are recorded in indissoluble association." The Admiralty, however, was not to be moved, and McClure and his crew in due course received the award for completing the Northwest Passage by discovering two routes from the North American mainland to Melville Island.*

*It is interesting to note that in September 1969 the tanker *Manhattan* with the icebreaker *John A. Macdonald* first attempted a passage through McClure Strait into Beaufort Sea, and then successfully completed a passage through Prince of Wales Strait, both of which had been discovered by McClure.

DR. RAE'S EXPLORATIONS 1850-54

While Austin's expedition was under preparation in the winter of 1849-50, Lieutenant Pullen and his boat crew were wintering with Dr Rae at Fort Simpson. Richardson's reaching home in November 1849 apparently stimulated the Hudson's Bay Company to ask for Governor Simpson's advice on continuing the search; shortly after that, the Admiralty approached the Company with the same question. Simpson, unaware that Pullen had reached the Mackenzie, suggested a search of the coast west of the Mackenzie, adding that the task "had better be left entirely to the Company, under the management of Dr Rae, who would do the work at a very moderate outlay".

With the expedition authorized by the Admiralty, Governor Simpson wrote to Rae instructing him to search west along the coast, and northeastward toward Cape Walker. Simpson's letter caught up with Rae and Pullen on 25 June. As there were supplies enough for only one party, Pullen's crew descended the Mackenzie and sought vainly to cross to Banks Land, returning to Fort Simpson for the winter of 1850-1.

Ordered to continue the search, Rae set up a food cache at Kendall River (tributary of the Coppermine). In the spring he succeeded in crossing Dolphin and Union Strait to Wollaston Land. Turning eastward, he demonstrated the continuity of the coasts designated Wollaston Land and Victoria Land. He next examined the western shore of Victoria Island and discovered Prince Albert Sound. All unwittingly, he had joined his survey to that of one of McClure's parties, which had been on the opposite side of the Sound only ten days earlier. Returning to the mainland, Rae followed the continental shore to Cape Alexander, where he crossed Dease Strait and explored the southeast coasts of Victoria Island.

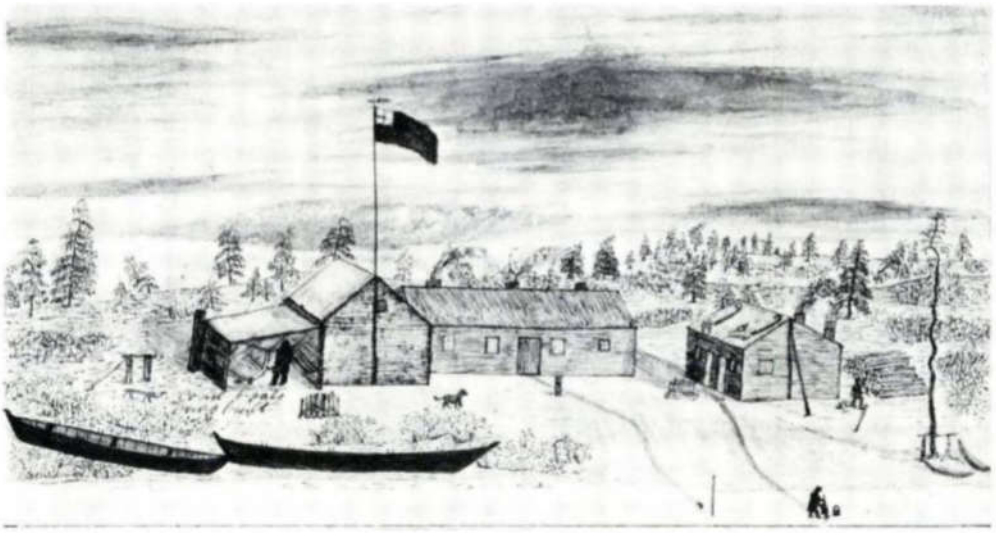
Rae returned to England in the late spring of 1852. The Royal Geographical Society bestowed the Founder's Gold Medal on him, at the motion of Sir George Back. Weary as Rae may have been, on 1 May 1852 he wrote the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company outlining "a plan for the completion of the survey of the northern shores of America, a small portion of which, along the west coast of Boothia is all that now remains unexamined."

With his plan approved, Rae ascended Chesterfield Inlet in the summer of 1853 and found a river that seemed to lead toward Back's Great Fish River. As it never came within 70 miles of the Back River, Rae was forced to return to Chesterfield Inlet. In the spring of 1854, Rae started overland from Repulse Bay, crossed the isthmus, and followed the west shore toward Boothia.

Rae's party soon met Eskimos who surprised them by showing pieces of silverware and other items. This band said they had not seen any whites, but the Eskimos from whom they had obtained the relics had reported that some "forty white men were seen travelling in company southward over the ice, and dragging a boat and sledges with them" along the western shore of King William Island. Later, corpses and graves were discovered by the Eskimos at the mouth of Back River, and five corpses on a nearby island. Some men had survived until the coming of spring, for shots had been heard, and goose bones and feathers were found. Rae purchased over fifty relics from the Eskimos, including crested and initialled silverware, Franklin's star of the Order of Hanover.

Having continued the survey of the west coast of Boothia as far as the weather permitted, Rae turned back to Hudson Bay and carried his report on the Franklin Expedition to England. He had not been aware that the Admiralty had offered a £10,000 reward for information regarding Franklin's fate. He now laid a claim to it and eventually received £8,000, the balance being distributed among his men.

After having spent several years in the search for Franklin, Rae made his great discovery on a surveying expedition for the Hudson's Bay Company which was organized without any serious hope of finding Franklin.



H B C COLLN

Fort Confidence at the northeast tip of Great Bear Lake, from a sketch in 1850-1 by Dr John Rae who spent two winters there during his search for Franklin.

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COMFORT FOR H.B.C.

John Rae at Pelly Bay in 1854 meets Eskimos who have Franklin relics, cap-band, crested silverware, watch cases, an order of merit, which Rae bought from them.

LADY FRANKLIN KEEPS ON 1855-59

Evidently more was to be learnt about Franklin's party at the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. It was important to try to recover any surviving papers. The Admiralty arranged for another Hudson's Bay man, James Anderson, to lead a party down river in 1855. Unfortunately, no interpreter was available, and Anderson was unable to accomplish much.

Elisha Kent Kane and his party were rescued during the same summer after having explored beyond Smith Sound to the 81st parallel.

Many questions remained to be answered about the fate of Franklin and his crews, but the Government had lost interest in further exploration. Not so, Lady Franklin! She wanted to know the circumstances of her husband's death but seemed even keener to claim for him discovery of the Northwest Passage prior to McClure.

Lady Franklin may well have drafted a memorial to the Prime Minister, Viscount Palmerston, which her good friend Sir Roderick Murchison circulated to leading scientists in London on 5 and 6 June 1856. The memorial requested that an expedition be sent to search in the area indicated by Rae's discoveries.

Palmerston replied that he wished to carry out the desires of the distinguished signers, but "official authorities" had expressed themselves strongly "that after so many failures the Government were no longer justified in sending out more brave men to encounter fresh dangers in a cause which was viewed as hopeless".

In early 1857 Lady Franklin approached the Admiralty through Joseph Napier, asking for a single ship with stores; she also wrote directly to Palmerston asking for the assignment of a naval officer to command, only to be turned down. Lady Franklin drafted an address to the Admiralty, asking for the use of the *Resolute*, which she sent to Henry Grinnell in New York for signatures. The London *Times* relented its opposition and argued for the loan of the *Resolute*. All was in vain.

Anticipating the Admiralty's refusal, Lady Franklin was already negotiating for the steam yacht *Fox*. She offered Captain Frederick Leopold McClintock the command and through Prince Albert obtained leave for him from the Admiralty. Lady Franklin contributed some £4,000 by dipping into capital; £3,000 was raised by public subscription; and the Admiralty was generous with stores and equipment. Lady Franklin's only instruction to McClintock was a letter stating three objectives: rescue of possible survivors, recovery of records, and establishment of Franklin's discovery of the Northwest Passage.

McClintock was trapped in Melville Bay in the summer of 1857. Returning to Greenland, he renewed his stock of provisions and set forth again. As Peel Sound was blocked he entered Prince Regent Inlet and sought to pass through Bellot Strait. Having become expert at sledging under Austin and Kellett in 1851, he spent the winter of 1858-9 in planning carefully for spring sledge parties. On the first major sledging party McClintock charted 120 miles of new coast. This "completed the discovery of the coast-line of continental America. . ."

After having established caches, McClintock and Lieutenant William Hobson, set out for King William's Land. McClintock took the eastern shore, leaving to the younger man the honour of searching the western shore where relics were more likely to be found. There Hobson discovered a memorable note that told of Franklin's death on 11 June 1847, and of the crews' abandoning ship and heading for the Back's Fish River. A boat, skeletons, and a number of mementoes were found.

With the return of McClintock to England, an era in the exploration of the Arctic had closed. A number of alternative routes through the archipelago had been discovered, although a century would be required for mankind to develop the ships and submarines to exploit them. The northern limits of the North American Continent had been established, and a large part of the Canadian Arctic Archipelago charted.

Much of the credit for this achievement must go to Lady Franklin for her single-minded persistence. Recognition must be given to the British Government, particularly to the Admiralty, for the very considerable expenditures made. In the United States, Henry Grinnell's and Elisha Kent Kane's activities produced significant achievements. The honourable role of the Hudson's Bay Company in undertaking surveys of the Arctic on its own and in efficiently executing the requests of the Admiralty contributed substantially to the total accomplishment. ◆

JACKSON BEARDY

THUNDERBIRD

AT twenty-four, Jackson Beardy is a young man on the way. He knows what he wants to do—paint and write—and he is studying and working to make his chosen career a success. Already he has received some recognition in the sale of paintings, in the award of a Canada Council grant, and he has two books awaiting publication. Born at Island Lake, a Cree reserve in lake and woods country of northeastern Manitoba many miles from road or rail, he went out to a residential school for eleven years. After graduation and some further training in Winnipeg he worked as a commercial artist but did not like the confinement of office routine. Taking on various jobs, often in the north, he took to singing folk songs and collecting stories and history from different bands, many on tape recordings which he later translated. He worked with anthropologists in the field which increased his interest in the culture of the Indian people. Always he was interested in painting and in legends. Returning to Winnipeg with the draught of an illustrated book of legends, he was accepted at the University of Manitoba for summer courses, to improve his competence in writing and to qualify him for entry to the university School of Fine Arts.

The tempera reproduced opposite, done in 1968, shows one of the many thunderbirds of the Northern Crees, the Hider or Gagathway.

NORTHERN BOOKS

GUESTS NEVER LEAVE HUNGRY

The autobiography of James Sewid, a Kwakiutl Indian.

Edited by James P. Spradley. McGill University Press, Montreal, 1969. 310 pages, illus. $10.00

Reviewed by Edward F. Meade

If the Indian, under pressure of well-meant appeals made in recent years, is still reluctant to take a firm step into the white man's world, it is because he senses more clearly than anyone, the cultural conflicts that face him, menacingly. We have too often demanded of the Indian that he do something we ourselves cannot successfully do—adjust to a bicultural environment. Yet it is undeniable that the future of the Indian, as an Indian, lies in his attempt to live in the two worlds of his environment, his own, and the white man's. It might also be said that for the Indian, time has run out; he must make his adjustment now, if he can, or sink into oblivion. It is no longer possible for him to be an Indian in an Indian world. He must be an Indian in a bicultural environment, or he will vanish into the shadows of the forest whence he came.

A harsh situation, to be sure, and one allowing of no alternative. It will call for the very best in the Indian character, for the strongest personalities. And it will call for indulgence and help and understanding on the part of the white man.

Guests Never Leave Hungry stands as a guide to how it can be done. This autobiography is, admittedly, the story of an extraordinary Kwakiutl, by nature and by birth well equipped to enter the arena of cultural conflict, even to glory (one suspects) in that conflict. James Sewid has immense resources for his task—great strength of character and a powerful achievement motive, and it is notable that these personality characteristics were largely developed through interaction with his environment. He learnt to come to terms with his world, which was the world of conflict between his Indian and the surrounding Euro-American culture.

But underlying James Sewid's success story of adjustment to cultural conflict, the book reveals another story. Around the subject of this autobiography are gathered all the last great names of the Kwakiutl people, and of the life of the Kwakiutl on the turn of the tide, as it were, when what remains of this great nation faces the full reality of the white man's world. In this part of the story there is sadness: one would like to stop and dwell a little longer with this great and proud people as they once were. This, the story seems to say, is how it once was, and is no more.

But the past is gone, the future must be faced, and can only be faced the way James Sewid faced it—like a Kwakiutl, fearlessly, ruthlessly, with no quarter given. If, at times, we do not like Sewid's aggressiveness, it is because we do not like our own. We should have no cause for complaint if the Indian at times bests us in our own enterprises.

For the student of Indian adjustment to the bicultural environment, this book is a remarkable record.

Anthropology in relation to the Indians of the Pacific Coast has for many years been the avocation of E. F. Meade, free lance writer who lives on Vancouver Island.

THE YUKON

By Richard Mathews. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968. 313 pages. Drawings in text, maps, bibliography. $7.50.

Reviewed by Jim Lotz

In this book, one of the Rivers of America series, Richard Mathews handles a complex subject extremely well. For the Yukon is more than a river—it is a way of life, made up of diverse elements. Fur traders, native peoples, gold rushes, great dams, welfare programs, missionaries, murders, French Canadian explorers, even the search for Franklin—all receive mention in this book that sweeps over the geography, history, economy and culture of the Yukon River basin.

In 1851, Lieutenant Bernard, R.N., was wintering at Nulato, drawn there by the rumour of white men in interior Alaska. The Koyukon Indians descended on the village and wiped out its inhabitants, and the Franklin search claimed another victim. At this remove, it seems highly unlikely that any of Franklin's men could have reached interior Alaska. But even today, it is the vagueness of the land that remains its most striking characteristic. In this remote, difficult land, all things seem possible. The Rampart Dam episode shows how a vague vision of cheap power bringing about the industrialization of the Central Yukon Basin got a great deal of support before it collapsed.

Mr Mathews catches the flavour of the river and those who lived and travelled in the area around it. Robert Campbell takes a drink—and keeps his eyes and his ears open, all the time. Robert Kennicott collects everything that he can lay his hands on, then dies mysteriously near Nulato; a sketch map is found in the sand beside his body. The part played by French Canadians in the Overland Telegraph expedition and the H B C ventures is touched upon. Surely there is a complete book here. The author notes how George Carmack dreamt of fish with golden scales, and also yearned for middle class respectability. The effects of welfare programs on Alaska natives is examined.

Freeze-up and break-up, traditional peoples and modern technologists, quiet cold winters and busy warm summers, small crowded settlements and vast empty spaces in between, a long prehistory and a short recorded history, wild enthusiasm and blank pessimism—the land and the people seem to swing between two extremes. And always, the Yukon rolls past, the central fact in the landscape.

If the book has a fault it is that the author has tried to do too much—a common northern phenomenon. The book is more like a series of separate chapters than a complete narrative. After the chapter on the Gold Rush of 1896-98, the book falls apart into a series of episodic chapters, much of it made up of other people's materials. The chapter entitled "An American River", which deals with the purchase of Alaska may make Canadians wince, as might the failure to distinguish between what is happening among Alaskan and Canadian Indians.

But these are minor faults in a well written and enjoyable book. The text is enlivened with drawings, there is an excellent bibliography and the book is well indexed. It is also pleasant to see credit given to the work and ideas of Dr William Loyens, Alan Innes-Taylor, Mrs Martha Taylor and other true northerners.

Mr Lotz is Research Professor (Community Development) and Associate Director, Canadian Research Centre for Anthropology, Saint Paul University, Ottawa.

HIGH ARCTIC VENTURE

By Margery Hinds. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1968. 212 pages, illus. $6.95

Reviewed by A. Stevenson

Here is a delightful portrait of a pioneer teacher in Arctic Canada. Margery Hinds taught in the Canadian Arctic for 14 years. In *High Arctic Venture* she reveals in a warmly-told story her experiences of two of those years and the opening of a school in a small community some 500 miles north of the Arctic Circle. "I have written about life as I saw and experienced it at Arctic Bay in the far north of Baffin Island . . . and the joy of living among the unpretentious, decent people in a land of unsurpassed beauty."

Miss Hinds is at her best in the sensitive and observant descriptions of nature, such as her examination of the abode of the lemmings, the small Arctic rodent. "The lemmings' nest was egg-shaped, nine or ten inches long, and very soft inside for it was lined with fur plucked from the lemmings' own coat. There was an entrance hall at one end of the nest . . . one long path led to the lemmings' lavatory which was a considerable distance from the larder and from the nest." She also tells of a wide variety of flowers and plant life so far north and the collection of 110 specimens for the Natural History Department of the British Museum.

Her cocker spaniel Pingua, and constant companion, provides many moments of humour. Her anecdotes about the Eskimo people and the few white residents of the area are interesting but what a pity, with so few non-Eskimos involved, she makes no mention of their names. Surely a book of this nature, which is something of a personal journal, could in future years become a reference work in Arctic Canadiana—yet pertinent names are omitted. Pertinent dates also are disregarded so one is left wondering what period she is writing about. When did she open the school? (This was 1958).

There are some inaccuracies in facts and dates. It was in 1840 that the Rev. James Evans, the Methodist missionary, developed the Cree syllabics which were later adapted for Eskimos by the Rev. E. J. Peck in 1877. Eskimos were making their home in Arctic Bay long before Bernier's voyage of 1910-11. Miss Hinds must, in her walks around the bay, have come across archaeological sites of the Thule culture dating back at least three or four hundred years. Shapa, the Eskimo who worked for Miss Hinds at Arctic Bay, was one of the original group of Eskimos moved from Cape Dorset in 1934 to Dundas Harbour then to Arctic Bay in 1936 with the re-opening of the trading post. When his colleagues made a further move to Fort Ross in 1937 he remained at Arctic Bay. Tattooed and charming Attua is his second wife. Amaroali did not start working for the Hudson's Bay Company until after the re-opening of the post in 1936. These are only small points but the author had access to the information and should have striven for accuracy.

As one goes through the book, the author's great pleasure expressed at the beginning for her assignment and environment appears to wear thin. She is annoyed when "official minds remote from the situation both mentally and physically" conflict with her own ideas and has gloomy predictions for the future of the Eskimo people. With this there seems to be an assumption that it is both possible and desirable that the Eskimo way of life continue unchanged. As Knud Rasmussen, world renowned authority on the Eskimo people, said: "Once the hand of civilization has touched a primitive people there is no turning back." Therefore, as a pioneer teacher in arctic education and well qualified to write with authority based on many years of successful experience, Miss Hinds' critical comments, particularly those on many aspects of the education program, seem out of context. It appears to be a trend these days for authors who have been involved or associated with programs, to divorce themselves from the mistakes when surely they have to take some of the responsibility for the bad as well as the good.

The book is well illustrated with photographs of professional quality taken by the author herself. Unfortunately there is no map which would help readers identify the location. Frequent references to Arctic Bay area as the High Arctic might disturb geographers and others who recognize the definition of the High Arctic to be the territory north of Viscount Melville and Lancaster Sounds.

I started this review by saying that the book was a delightful portrait of a former teacher in Arctic Canada. On the whole *High Arctic Venture* is pleasant reading and highly entertaining. Miss Hinds has contributed, by this book and others, to our knowledge of a period of rapid transition in the north. In her role as a pioneer teacher she shares credit for the tremendous strides that have been made in the field of Eskimo education.

Alex Stevenson has extensive personal knowledge of the Eskimo people having begun his career working for the H B C in the Eastern Arctic and in his present position as Administrator of the Arctic in the federal government, having visited all countries with Eskimo residents to discuss problems of the North.

The **Beaver**

Quarterly: $3 a year, from

The Beaver

Hudson's Bay House

Winnipeg 1, Canada

I HEARD THE OWL CALL MY NAME

By Margaret Craven. Clarke, Irwin, Toronto, 1967. 138 pages. $3.75.

Do read this book. It is short, it is well informed, and it is deeply moving. Let us forget the polemics and gain a little understanding of another race through this story set among a small band of Kwakiutl people at Kingcome Inlet in British Columbia.

It is the story of a young priest, with few years to live, and the Indians of the remote village whose acceptance he seeks; the life of a coastal village, the wisdom of the old people who see their ways dying unremarked, the dilemma of the young people torn between two cultures, the harshness of the uncomprehending dominating race, the compassion of isolated folk—these are the fabric of the story. It is written with simplicity and restraint, but it is the deceptive simplicity, setting the mood of the book, of a highly skilled writer. Before going to the village Margaret Craven studied the *mores* of the Kwakiutl and her sensitivity is evident in her writing. Probably no Caucasian can fully penetrate the mind of an Indian but there are understanding people and this book is written by one, about one.—*M.B.*

NOTES FROM THE CENTURY BEFORE

By Edward Hoagland. Random House, New York, 1969. 273 pages. $6.95

Reviewed by R. M. Patterson

This would have been a pleasanter book if the author had not sniped incessantly at all and sundry, and had not made a point of describing with all the fidelity of a trained naturalist the peculiarities, physical and mental, of his hosts and of many who helped him on his way. It was particularly their teeth that had a fascination for Mr Hoagland—and one is informed of bent teeth, slightly snaggly teeth, yellow teeth and so forth. One victim was showing his teeth, while another was utterly toothless. Very interesting—and is it absolutely necessary, after having accepted many kindnesses at the hands of an old man, and having delved into his distinguished record, to allege that his trousers were on the point of falling off, and to note that his dying wife was "sobbing and gibbering" in the next room? Great stuff, and it should go down well on Main Street with its strong resemblance to small-town, party-line gossip. It should also serve as a warning to the denizens of supposedly quaint and backward areas of this country.

The author came to Telegraph Creek in northern British Columbia, having decided that there he would find a Rip van Winkle type of community that might have lingered on from Parkman's time, preserved from the twentieth century in the isolation of the Cassiar. He was too late. The settlement of his dreams, if it had ever existed, had long since vanished beneath the impact of radio and plane, the helicopter, and all the mechanical aids to travel of our noisy time. And Telegraph Creek of all places—a vital trans-shipment point of the second world war; a name that was once almost a household word among big-game hunting sportsmen in the eastern States and in Europe; the jumping-off point for several gold rushes—was it at all likely that this community should have slept for a hundred years in the sunshine and the dust of its hot hillside? Even the Indians have changed. A hundred years ago they stripped greenhorn intruders and threw them into the Stikine—a worthy old custom from the Century Before, and why was it ever abandoned?

Having intimate knowledge of two of the incidents recorded, and finding them incredibly distorted, I am inclined to the belief that Mr Hoagland couldn't care less how he records any event so long as he gets his own twist into it—and this brings the rest of the book under suspicion. There is, for the Hoagland touch, a story that was told by the late Harper Reed who was Indian Agent at Telegraph Creek, a story of a vast pack of wolves that advanced on Reed and an Indian over the ice of Cold Fish Lake. These wolves, Reed said (and I have heard him tell the tale twice, varying scarcely a word) formed themselves into a great crescent with the horns advanced—the battle formation, Reed would say, of the Zulu impis. Hoagland writes: "they began to press in, like Khartoum. He [Reed] was terribly pleased." As a matter of fact, Reed wasn't pleased at all: those wolves had him rather worried. And the reference to Khartoum? That is pure Hoagland, and I suppose that in some muddled vision, he could see the Zulus rushing madly on Khartoum, almost at the other end of Africa from their homeland. Hoagland never met Reed. And, in any case, I think Reed would have seen him coming.

With its bad manners, and with its sordid little bits of sex dragged in, this book leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Which is a pity, because the author can write pleasingly of both people and country.

Except for those who live there, probably no one knows the Stikine country, its history, and its people better than Mr Patterson whose research and travels by canoe have brought him into close contact with them. Among his books, "Trail to the Interior" is about this part of northern British Columbia.

THE WIND HAS WINGS
Poems from Canada

Compiled by Mary Alice Downie and Barbara Robertson, illustrated by Elizabeth Cleaver. Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1968. 95 pages. $5.95.

When I was a child my enlightened parents gave me books of poetry, bless them. Well printed books by good writers, with beautiful illustrations. These words and pictures, even the look of the books, have remained in mind for a lifetime when much else has been forgotten.

With the outpouring of trash spewed over the rising generation, it is good to see that the compilers of this book are prepared to offer children the best, and their illustrator has done justice to a gathering of poets distinguished across Canada.

Most of the authors are contemporary: Dorothy Livesay, A. W. Purdy, Irving Layton, P. K. Page, James Reaney, Phyllis Gotlieb, Earle Birney, Raymond Souster, to name a few. But Robert Service manages to edge in with "The Shooting of Dan McGrew", as do Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles Sangster and some others, as well as the timeless Eskimo (in translation). A satisfactory mixture.

The collection is said to be for 8-to-12-year-olds, but they are much more sophisticated than the poems offered in my childhood. In fact any child receiving this book will have to hang on very tight or it will find its way into the adults' bookshelves. That is where my copy is going to settle. It's a lovely book. —*M.B.*

TATANGA MANI

By J. W. Grant MacEwan. Hurtig, Edmonton, 1969. 208 pages, llus. $6.95.

Reviewed by Johanna Wenzel

This book tells in a most absorbing style the life story of Chief Walking Buffalo (Tatanga Mani) together with the history of the Stonies and their neighbouring tribes in Western Canada. We observe how the free rulers of this continent, people with deep religious faith and strong practical traditions became the neglected and unwanted inhabitants of the reservations. However, through Tatanga Mani's dynamic personality this negative trend takes on a positive orientation during his life and far beyond the borders of his country.

Many times he walked the bridge between Indian and white settlement during his 96-year life-time. Partly because of his good education through Reverend John McDougall and largely due to his own philosophic inclinations he understood the white invaders perhaps better than any of his Indian contemporaries. Thus, if any native might have succeeded with a career beyond the reserve in the 1890s it would have been Walking Buffalo. But after a brief work period around Calgary he chose to walk back over that bridge to live a sane and fruitful life as a rancher, gardener, councillor, medicine man and chief among his own people.

Author Grant MacEwan, equally well-known as Alberta's popular Lieutenant Governor, is a superb historic story teller. In all his biographies, whether it be Bob Edwards (the jovial brilliant editor), John Ware (Alberta's courageous first negro cowboy-rancher), or now Walking Buffalo, the truly humane qualities of the heroes are polished to perfection. Dr MacEwan's thorough knowledge of Canadian history and his specialty, agriculture, as well as his experiences in public life come to fine use in these pages. With great patience and skill he gathered the material for this book, mainly from the reports of the chief himself, his family and friends.

The description throughout is lively enough to give the reader the impression of sitting in the chief's weatherbeaten loghouse, or of walking with him under spruce, pine, and poplar along the Bow river and hearing him tell his life story to the author. Walking Buffalo recounts his childhood with Grandmother Jane, the hardships encountered as a young Indian boy at school. His exceptional intelligence is recognized early. And then he meets head-on with discrimination. He observes the effect of the white men's massive buffalo slaughter, the signing of fateful Treaty No. 7 and subsequent white man's interference in all Indian lives. The competition between missionaries for native souls initially confused Walking Buffalo. Yet later on in life it rather amused him. Wisely and cautiously he retained his faith in the Great Spirit in addition to his adopted Christian religion. Despite a minor discrepancy in dates due to proofreading error the book's sequence is easy to follow in its chronological order.

As Old Chief Bearspaw had advised him, Walking Buffalo spent his life translating the ways of the white men to the Indians and conversely, thus paving a smoother path for future generations. In that same spirit and late in life he travelled round the world with a few Indian friends, eloquently speaking to and befriending tens of thousands in a dozen lands, a mission for Canada and for mankind.

Humorous details and useful recipes are sprinkled through the book, such as directions on how to scalp an enemy, "... You white men with bald heads, you wouldn't be worth scalping". Walking Buffalo gives the precise ingredients for good pemmican, and he tells the footmen at Buckingham Palace that theirs is a "pretty good tipi".

Translation of this book into German and French would make it a lively and valuable ambassador from Canada. And it's excellent for general or historic reading on a uniquely Canadian hero for Canadians.

Mrs Wenzel, a free-lance writer and broadcaster living in Calgary, knew Walking Buffalo and had several talks with him. Her article, written shortly before his death, appeared in the Spring 1968 "Beaver".

ESKIMO ART

This popular presentation of many aspects of Eskimo carving, old and recent, pottery, painting, masks, with a selected bibliography, which was a special issue of The Beaver in 1967, has now been reprinted. 100 pages of text and pictures.

$1.50 from

The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

THE SUBSTANCE OF A JOURNAL DURING A RESIDENCE AT THE RED RIVER COLONY, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA IN THE YEARS 1820-1823

By John West. The Alcuin Society, Vancouver, 1967. 186 pp. illus. $25.00.

Reviewed by Hugh A. Dempsey

In recent years, a number of scarce books in the field of Canadiana have become available through the reprinting efforts of publishers. In some instances, the publisher has commissioned a scholar to assess the historical contributions of the original edition, to provide a new introduction, and often to add relevant footnotes. An example is *David Thompson's Narrative, 1784-1812*, originally published by the Champlain Society with introduction by J. B. Tyrrell in 1916, then reprinted by the same society in 1962, with a re-appraisal by Richard Glover.

At the other extreme is the book under review, the journal of John West for the years 1820 to 1823. Originally published in London in 1824, the book contains the valuable account of West's two years' residence as Anglican missionary at Red River Settlement. Not only does it deal with West's own travels and experiences, but it has relevant data on the Indians, settlers and fur traders of the era. Extremely scarce and long out of print, is was a work worthy of republication.

The task, however, was undertaken by the Alcuin Society of Vancouver, which has been interested primarily in producing limited editions of superb quality, using the finest paper, binding and boxes. For this they must be congratulated, but as a contribution to knowledge, the book is a disappointment. The introduction to the new edition, written by Professor L. F. S. Upton, University of British Columbia, makes no reference to the fact that this is indeed a reprint, and one might be led to believe that this is the first and only edition. Other than offering a brief résumé of West's career, no attempt is made to place the book in its proper historical setting, nor to assess its accuracy and relative merits in relation to the other works published since the original edition. Also, apparently no attempt was made to compare the earlier edition with West's manuscript of the journal which now is in the Public Archives of Manitoba. Perhaps they are identical, but this would be the time to find out, and to mention the fact in the new introduction.

In short, this expensive collector's edition offers only what West published in 1824, substituting some rather meaningless sketches by Donald Jarvis for the original plates. A collector of fine books might be interested to know this edition was printed on Victorian Text paper in Caslon Oldstyle type, but this reviewer would rather know whether the Indian boy that West christened as Henry Budd in June 1822 was the same person who later became a missionary himself, and just what became of the other children West taught.

One cannot be harshly critical of the Alcuin Society for they fulfilled their intention of publishing a good quality book. But for the historian, a more recent $6 reprint of West's book by an American publisher is just as useful as this lavish $25 volume.

Mr Dempsey is Technical Director of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute and editor of "The Alberta Historical Review".

ERRATUM

In the Autumn issue, page 33, first word, substitute 'cousin' for 'nephew'.

UNCLE OTTO'S WEIGHTY PROBLEM

By Catherine Hammarlow

UNCLE OTTO was huge, more so horizontally than vertically. According to him it was heredity, all of his family were big. And, indeed, looking through the old family album, the generations past were all big, horizontally.

In the land where Uncle came from corpulence was considered a status symbol and bespoke prosperity, but with Uncle it only proved a handicap, and that he was a glutton.

If Uncle had had a wife he might have looked different, yes, even if he had had a full-length mirror he might have looked different, but in the cabin by the river where he lived, the mirror was only big enough for his face, not including his set of chins.

In his opinion exercise was for the birds and the only exercise he would engage in was the walk to the settlement's general store. Such menial work as sawing and splitting wood he left entirely in the hands of God and it must be admitted that God looked after Uncle's wood supply admirably.

God's travelling salesmen, who went to unorganized territories to preach the gospel, were strong, fine specimens of Canadian manhood. To them Uncle opened his home and his pantry and it must have been pleasant, particularly on a cold winter evening, for them to come into a warm cabin, where they were made welcome with plenty of food and steaming hot tea. But then, with their mission fulfilled and their message delivered in the settlement, Uncle began to speak of his "herz" and how it "thumpen und bumpen" and how he had to sit in an easy-chair every night. Sitting, he felt, he had a better chance to keep his heart working, but, "Ach mit der wood there was much worry". Thus, the young missionaries got Uncle's message too, and the next few days saw them working with wood for him, enough to keep his fires going till the next lot of young men came to preach the gospel.

Seldom did Uncle venture beyond the limits of the settlement but when he did he went to the Big City to see "der doctor", not because of his weight but because of the herz. Always, however, the outcome was the same. The doctor spoke emphatically of diets, lean food and not so much, and gave Uncle little white pills for his heart. The diet Uncle followed faithfully—between meals—while back in the oven a goose or a big roast of "pig-meat" was cooking. No use starving in the land of plenty.

Then came a delightful day in spring, the river free of ice, the trees budding and the birds singing, and Uncle thought it a good day to go for a walk to the general store. As always, with him went Tammy, his dog. Tammy was a good dog who had never caused any uproar. She looked as if she had been made up of spare-parts and because she had been on the same diet as Uncle, she was as handicapped as he, and therefore, seemed grateful for his snail's pace. And why hurry? As Uncle said: "God made plenty of time, but He never made anything called 'rush'."

Evening found Uncle and Tammy on the trail on their way home when Uncle saw the little bear-cub standing beside the trail looking at them, the cub's black shoe-button eyes fairly popping out of their sockets in astonishment. And small wonder, never had he seen anything like that. For that matter, very few others, who had been further afield than the cub, had. Now the cub did not cause Uncle any alarm, but the thought of the cub's mother who might momentarily turn up made him greatly worried, because he knew that no one can be quite as unreasonable as a bear-mother with cubs. But the cub's mamma was nowhere to be seen and Uncle felt so relieved that when the cub fell in behind Tammy and began to follow them, Uncle paid no attention. The cub would go away.

Back at the cabin Tammy at once went to her bed, the old mattress on the verandah, whereas the cub just stood and looked at Uncle and it was then that Uncle noticed that the cub's coat seemed several sizes too large for him, and as Uncle never could stand the thought of anyone suffering from hunger, he filled a basin with food for the "little tramp" to eat. When finished the cub turned the basin over to see if there was more on the other side, but as there wasn't and the basin was made of tin, he reshaped it to resemble Aladdin's Lamp. But Uncle said there was no need for him to wish for more because he was already filled to the rafters, and now he could go away. And the cub did, but only to the mattress where he snuggled down beside Tammy. "Oh well," Uncle said, "tomorrow is another day and I will then take you to the bush and lose you."

In less than an hour the cub's destiny had taken a decisive turn for the better. There he was sleeping on a bed with Tammy who seemed as protecting as a mother, he was brimful of good food and had a roof over his head. Uncle's destiny had also taken a decisive turn for the better, only he was not aware of it.

To take the little Tramp to the bush presented no problems, but attempts to lose him were futile. Tramp could not get lost, in fact he did not even become slightly bewildered. It only caused Uncle a lot of trouble and eventually he gave up the thought of returning Tramp to his natural environment. Anyway, at this stage Tramp was rather amusing. He played like a little boy, he turned somersaults, climbed trees, fell out of trees and swung from branches, but although Tramp was only playing Uncle found it necessary to "keep an eye" on him. Therefore the day that Tramp swung himself on to the cabin roof, Uncle thought it all right. Tramp could do no harm on the roof and Uncle would know where he was. Not until a deluge of shingles came raining down from the roof did Uncle realize that that day Tramp had work in mind.

After Uncle had brought Tramp down from the roof, and while still busy fixing it, Tramp found his way to the storage-shed. As he was not the one to go over things lightly, he there looked into tins of paint and emerged from the shed looking as if he was suffering from a severe case of measles. That night, after restoring order on the premises, Uncle was so exhausted that he simply did not have the strength to sit in his easy-chair, he went to bed and slept as he had not since he was a baby. Of course, Tramp was up early every morning, as Uncle said "he was up and stirring even before the Devil had had time to put his shoes on," and Uncle had to be up at the same time, which he did not mind as long as he felt rested.

When it came to feeding time Tramp seemed the bottomless pit. Down went anything that Uncle could muster, including a goodish amount of Uncle's homemade "schwarz-brot". Uncle's black-bread had some concrete qualities that tended to anchor Tramp down, yes, even sometimes made him look as if he was built too close to the ground. However, Uncle preferred it that way. He would rather see that every last little wrinkle on Tramp's blob of a stomach was straightened out than have Tramp prowling about in the night.

To supplement the food supply Uncle had to begin fishing in earnest, and on fishing trips Tammy was his companion, her established place in the bow of Uncle's row-boat. The problem was Tramp, and Uncle tried to make him understand that he was to stay at home and hold the fort, but somehow Tramp did not seem able to round up any enthusiasm for the idea. He went along to the dock and when Uncle pushed the boat away, Tramp behaved like a spoilt brat. Screaming he ran forth and back and Uncle thought that he could see tears rolling down Tramp's cheeks. Then Tramp jumped in the water and began churning it white and Uncle had to come back and pick the "confounded dummkopf" up by the scruff of the neck and set him down aft in the boat, and although Tramp's halo was not on quite straight, he looked rather angelic where he sat drip-drying in the sun. Since Tramp was most obedient during the rest of the trip, Uncle was not even half as angry with him when they returned home as he had been when they left, but regarding boating Uncle had reached the point of no return. From then on he was doomed to row Tramp wherever he went by boat.

Congenial and friendly as Tramp was he sometimes paid social calls into Uncle's cabin, where he busied himself with chairs. He pushed, pulled and turned them over, everything but sat on them. Uncle thought it good that Tramp occupied himself, because, goodness knows, to babysit with Tramp could be both strenuous and trying. But all good things must come to an end. The beginning of the end of Tramp's visits came the day he pushed a chair up to the dresser, climbed up and looked in the mirror that hung on the wall. In there he saw the stupidest critter, and he gave him a slap so the mirror fell to the floor. Uncle then came with a broom and most unceremoniously swept Tramp out into the yard, after which he hung Lord Nelson's Death where the mirror had been, and never again would Tramp set foot inside Uncle's cabin. But Tramp did.

Some time later when Uncle's temper had mellowed Tramp came back, his most winning personality turned on. And it is likely, since he was on his best behaviour that day, that he would have been allowed into Uncle's cabin again, had he not taken the sugarbowl with him when he left. This was definitely the end of Tramp's visits, Uncle said.

Because of Tramp's ravenous appetite he grew and grew and Uncle who had had to resort to leaner foods, had begun to shrink; in fact, Uncle had already become such a pessimist that he wore both suspenders and belt by the time the unheard-of, unbelievable happened. Uncle took a job.

Twice a week he was to row two miles down-river to an unoccupied lodge to see that all was still in order. As Uncle's family unit was such a close knit one, Tammy and Tramp naturally came along and they thoroughly enjoyed Uncle's work, and Uncle kept rowing, at the same pace as he walked—snail's.

To row Tramp around while he still could be termed a cub did not seem too much of an ordeal, but as the weeks lengthened to months, and Tramp grew and billowed out in all directions it took on all the aspects of hard labour, and every week Uncle had to pull in a couple of notches in his belt.

By the time a sheet of ice covered the river and any normal bear had gone into seclusion, Tramp showed no signs of intending to go anywhere and Uncle began to worry that Tramp would go to sleep somewhere near home and, awakening in the spring with all memories of a happy summer blotted out, might become unpleasant.

But then came the day when Tramp stood in the yard, drowsy and ill at ease, with his coat straining at the seams. Slowly he began walking towards the forest to find for himself a place where he could rest and sleep, undisturbed. It was not without sadness that Uncle watched Tramp walk out of his life, "but it was good" said Uncle "that Tramp finally came to his senses". ♦

HE "ENDURED GREAT HARDSHIPS IN TRAVELING TO MAKE PEACE AMONGST THE NORTHERN INDIANS."

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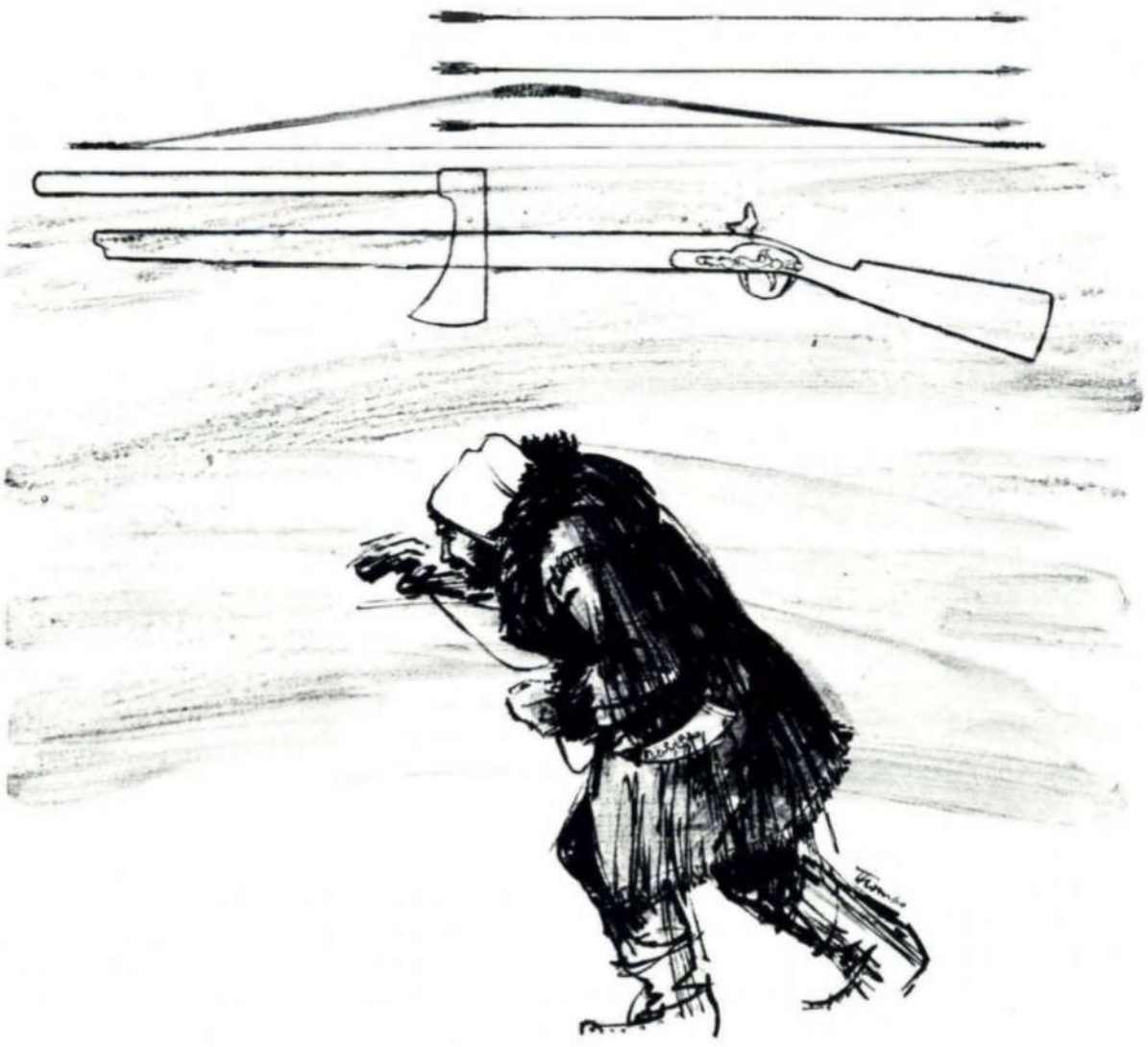

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